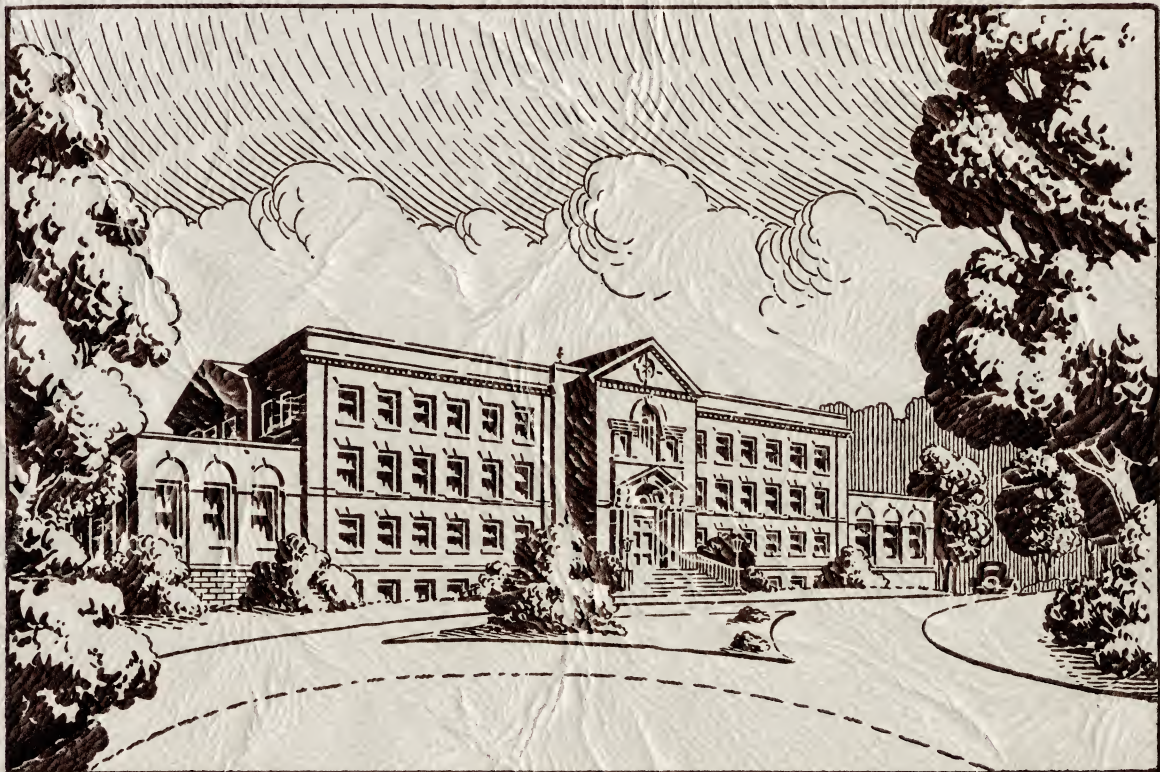


# . The Chalk Line .

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SENIOR EDITION



JUNE 5, 1931



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# The Chalk Line



## Senior Issue

Published by the  
**Graduating Classes**

STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE

Johnson City, Tennessee

June and August, 1931



SPONSORED BY W. B. BIBLE



# The Chalk Line



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*ASSOCIATE EDITORS*

*LITERARY EDITORS*

*ATHLETIC EDITORS*

*ALUMNI EDITORS*

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*JOKE EDITORS*

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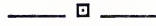
DOROTHY MAY  
ELENOR ROBERTSON





SENIOR CLASS - AUGUST 1931.

## Hail to the Class of '31



Hail to the Class of Thirty-one  
And the School you attended;  
Your work here is accomplished but  
Your labors are not ended.

Now the labor of life begins  
In real earnest and in truth;  
Childhood fancies are left behind,  
Adulthood displaces youth.

What is behind you, you have seen,  
What is before you have not;  
What is in store in future years—  
Life—depends on you a lot.

We hope that life is good to you,  
And gives you many treasures;  
We hope that your sorrows will be  
Outnumbered by your pleasures.

The sunshine and shadows of life  
To all of us come and go,  
With summer showers and flowers;  
After that the winter snow.

Many happy days have passed on;  
Some sad days have passed by too;  
What Fate has in store for you, Class,  
Will soon be revealed to you.

What is vital and most worth while,  
At which men will never scoff?  
By our having lived on this earth,  
Will the world be better off?

Will the world be any better  
By our having lived thereon?  
Is our room worth more than we are,  
And be well when we are gone?

We were once a Senior Circle  
But are graduated now;  
May we tho be reunited,  
Sometime, somewhere, somehow.

Hail to thee our Alma Mater,  
Now to thee we bid adieu,  
Tho we go to do our lifework,  
We will to thee be true.

Roy B. McLain.



FRANK BRYANT

*Science, Mathematics, English*

Vocation—Teaching

President Senior Class; President Debating Society; Varsity Debater '28, '29, '30, '31; Manager of Football '31; Athletic Editor of Chalk Line.

JESSIE L. SNEIGOCKI

Johnson City, Tennessee

*History, English, Geography and Biology*

Vocation—Teaching

Avocation—Making Good Bread

Glee Club '27, '28; Honor Student '28, '29, '30, '31; Treasurer Senior Class '31; Associate Editor Chalk Line '31; Editor Special Edition Chalk Line '31.

THOMAS S. GARDNER

*Science, History, Social Science, Mathematics*

Vocation—Scientist

Avocation—Reading

President of the Student Body '30, '31; Vice-President of the Science Club '30, '31; Associate Editor of the Senior Chalk Line '31; Publicity Agent for the "Pre-Journalist" Columbia University, '27, '28; Member of the Science Club '28, '31.

MILDRED VESTINE ELLISON

"BLONDY"

Johnson City, Tennessee

*English, History, Geography*

Vocation—Teaching

Avocation—Music

Latin Club '31; Orchestra '29, '30; Pi Sigma '30; Science Club '31; Tennis Club '29; Campus Editor Chalk Line '30, '31; Carnival Queen '31; Secretary Senior Class '31; Business Manager Chalk Line '30; Honor Student '29, '30.

LACY EDWARD HARVILLE

"PARSON"

Burem, Tennessee

*Science, Social Science, Industrial Arts, English, History*

Vocation—Scientific Tricks

Avocation—Playing Tennis and Golf

Manager Golf '28, '29; Vice-President Grainger County Club '28; Debating Club '28, '29, '30; Vice-President Pestalozzian Literary Society '29; Critic Pestalozzian Literary Society '30; Campus Editor Chalk Line '29, '30; Associate Editor Chalk Line '31; Associate Editor Chalk Line Senior Edition '31; Hawkins County Club '30, '31; Science Club '29, '30; Masonic Club '29, '30; Pestalozzian Literary Society '29, '30, '31; Tennis Club '29, '30, '31; Vice-President Student Body '31.

JUNE  
1931





JUNE  
1931

MARGARET REMINE

Morristown, Tennessee

*English, Music and History*

Pi Sigma Pianist '30, '31; Y. W. C. A. Pianist '30, '31; Literary Editor Chalk Line '31; Business Mgr. Senior Edition Chalk Line '31; Lyceum Committee '31.

OSCAR AUGUSTUS CLARK

"OSS"

Newport, Tennessee

*Industrial Arts, History, Social Science and English*

Vocation—Teaching

Avocation—Tennis

Student Activities Committee '31; "T" Club '25, '26, '28, '30; Varsity Tennis '25, '28; Loving Cup Tennis Tournament, Singles '26; Loving Cup Tennis Tournament, Doubles '25; Hiking Club '25; Pestalozzian Literary Society '24, '25, '31.

FRANCES JACKSON

*Biology, English, Geography*

Secretary Pi Sigma Literary Society '30, '31; Dramatic Club '27, '28; Glee Club '27, '9; Orchestra '27, '29, '30, '31; Science Club '27, '31; Secretary '29; President '30, '31; Latin Club '27, '28; Organization Editor Chalk Line '29, '30; Editor-In-Chief of Chalk Line '30, '31.

VIRGIL EASLEY

Allardt, Tennessee

*Mathematics, Science, History*

Vocation—Teaching

Avocation—Growing Tall

LORA BELLE GRUBB

"PARROT"

Bristol, Tennessee

*English, Social Science, Biology*

Vocation—Teaching

Avocation—Make-up

Critic Sapphonian '30; Parliamentarian Sapphonian '31; Y. W. C. A.; President Hiking Club '30; Tennis Club, Glee Club '30; Campus Editor Chalk Line '30, '31; Campus Editor Senior Edition '31.

ROSALIE LITTLEFIELD  
"ROSY"

Elida, New Mexico

*Mathematics, Science and English*

Vocation—Teaching  
Avocation—Actress

Pi Sigma Literary Society; Joke Editor Senior Chalk Line; Abilene Christian College 1927-'28-'29; Girls' Pep Squad; Ko-Ju-Kai Club.

JAMES ROBERT LARGE  
"DRUNKARD"

Sevierville, Tennessee

*Biology, Industrial Arts, History, English*

Vocation—Teaching  
Avocation—Athletics

Football '29, '30; Basketball '29, '30; Pestalozzian '29, '31; "T" Club '30, '31; Science Club '29, '31; Joke Editor Senior Edition Chalk Line '31.

ALMA RUTH BROWN  
"BROWNIE"

Johnson City, Tennessee

*English, History, Geography*

Vocation—Teaching  
Avocation—Shopping

Pi Sigma Literary Society; Science Club; Student Welfare Committee '30, '31; Circulation Manager Chalk Line '30, '31.

WILLIAM CORBETT MAYBERRY  
"DEACON"

Centerville, Tennessee

Major: *Industrial Arts* Minors: *Social Science, English*

Vocation—Teaching  
Avocation—Golf

Organizations: Second Vice-President War Hawks '31; Member Dormitory Club '28, '31.

KATHLEEN GWENETH CONNOR  
"KITTY"

Johnson City, Tennessee

*Home Economics, English, History, Science*

Vocation—Teaching  
Avocation—Embroidering

Home Economics Club '29, '31; Tennis Club '29, '31; Smoky Mountain Science Club '29; '31; Washington County Club '29, '31; Hiking Club '30, '31; Joke Editor Chalk Line '30, '31; Athletic Editor Senior Edition Chalk Line '31.





JUNE  
1931

MRS. ZELLA MAE GREEN  
"BUB"

Johnson City, Tennessee

*History, Biology and English*

Vocation—Teaching

Avocation—Reducing

Glee Club '28, '29; Science Club '30, '31; Honor Student '30.

MRS. ISABEL RICHMOND  
"EASE"

Jonesboro, Tenn.

*Home Economics, Latin*

Vocation—Teaching

Avocation—Cooking

DELMAS LAWS

Johnson City, Tennessee

*General Science, History, English*

Vocation—Teaching

Avocation—Playing Basketball

"T" Club '31; Y. M. C. A. '31; Varsity Basketball '31; Baseball Manager '31; Alumni Editor '31; Alumni Editor Special Edition '31; Science Club '29, '31.

IOLA CLEO STATEN

Johnson City, Tennessee

*English, Social Science, Physical Education*

Vocation—Teaching

Avocation—Playing Golf

Science Club '29, '30 and '31; Glee Club '30 and '31; Physical Education Club '31; Hiking Club '29, '30 and '31.

DESSA DEAKINS

Jonesboro, Tennessee

*Mathematics, Home Economics, Science*

Basketball '29, '30, '31; Treasurer Washington County Club '29; Secretary Science Club '29; Tennis Club; Science Club; Home Economics Club; Hiking Club; Alumni Editor Chalk Line '31.

DOROTHY LOIUSE MAY  
"DOT"

Jonesboro, Tennessee  
*Home Economics, English, German*

Vocation—Teaching  
Avocation—Full Time Work

Modern Language Club '27, '28, '29; Dramatic '27, '28; Glee Club '27, '30; Home Economics '29, '31; Pres. Home Economics '30, '31; Literary Editor Chalk Line '30, '31; Literary Editor Senior Edition '30, '31; Honor Student '30, '31.

VERDEL W. NICLEY  
"TURK"

Liberty Hill, Tennessee  
*History, English, Social Science*

Vocation—Teaching  
Avocation—Going to Jonesboro

Vice-Pres. Senior Class '31; Vice-Pres. Junior Class '30; Pestalozzian '31; Science Club '29; Dormitory Club '27, '31; Secretary War Hawks '31.

ENOLA PAULINE RICHIE  
"SLIM"

Elizabethton, Tennessee  
*History, English and French*

Vocation—Teaching  
Avocation—Like-to-be-Politician  
Circulation Mgr. Chalk Line '31

ROY B. McLAIN  
Van Hill, Tennessee

*Biology, Industrial Arts, Education, English, History*

Vocation—Teaching  
Avocation—Music

Organizations: Science Club '28, '29, '30, '31; Forensic Club '29; Hawkins County Club '28, '29, '30, '31; Dormitory Clubs '28, '29, '30, '31; War Hawks Vice-President '31. Literary Societies: Columbian; Pestalozzian.

KATHLEEN SMITH  
"KAT"

Geraldstown, Tennessee  
*Home Economics, English, History, Science*

Vocation—Teaching  
Avocation—Research in Psychology

Y. W. C. A. '27, '31; Sapphonian '27, '31; Secretary Greene Co. Club '30; Home Economics Club '27, '31; Smoky Mountain Club '28, '29; Treasurer Home Economics Club '30, '31; Secretary Y. W. C. A. '30, '31. Baseball Club '31.





JUNE  
1931

SARAH HICKEY  
"FRENCHY"

Jonesboro, Tennessee

*English, French, History, Science*

Vocation—Teaching  
Avocation—Reading

Tusculum College '27, '28; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet Member '28; French Club '30, '31.

BERTHA JUNE TIELMANN  
"BERT"

Johnson City, Tennessee

*English, History, Home Economics*

Vocation—Teaching  
Avocation—Swimming

Science Club '28; Home Economics Club '28; '29; Alumni Editor Senior Edition Chalk Line '31.

SHERMAN F. OWEN  
"LANKY"

Clinton, Tennessee

*English, Industrial Arts, History, Agriculture*

Vocation—Teaching

Joke Editor Chalk Line '28; Pet. Literary Society; President Anderson County Club '27, '29; War Hawks '31; Dormitory Club '31.

MILDRED McLANE

Chuckey, Tennessee

*Music, English and French*

Vocation—Teaching  
Avocation—Music

Glee Club '28 and '31; Organization Editor Chalk Line '31; Activities Committee '31.

GRACE LOLA HAMMER

Erwin, Tennessee

*Foreign Language, English and History*

Vocation—Teaching  
Avocation—Music

Science Club '27, '28; Secretary Latin Club '28, '29; Pres. Unicoi Co. Club '30, '31; Literary Editor Senior Edition Chalk Line '31.

AILEEN RUBLE

Newport, Tennessee

*Home Economics, History and English*

Home Ec. Club '30 and '31; Y. W. C. A. '30 and '31; Sapphonian Literary Society '30 and '31; Vice-Pres. Home Ec. Club '31; Cocks County Club '31.

EDNA DANIELS

Johnson City, Tennessee

*English, Social Science, and French*

Vocation—Teaching

Avocation—Music



THOMAS MORGAN

Roan Mountain, Carter County, Tennessee

*Industrial Arts, History, Social Science, and English*

Secretary Pestalozzian Literary Society '24; Critic Pestalozzian Literary Society '24, '25.; Y. M. C. A. '23, '24, '30; Tennis '31; President Carter County Club '27, '31; Associate Business Manager Chalk Line '31; Debating Club '27.

WILLIAM D. MAY

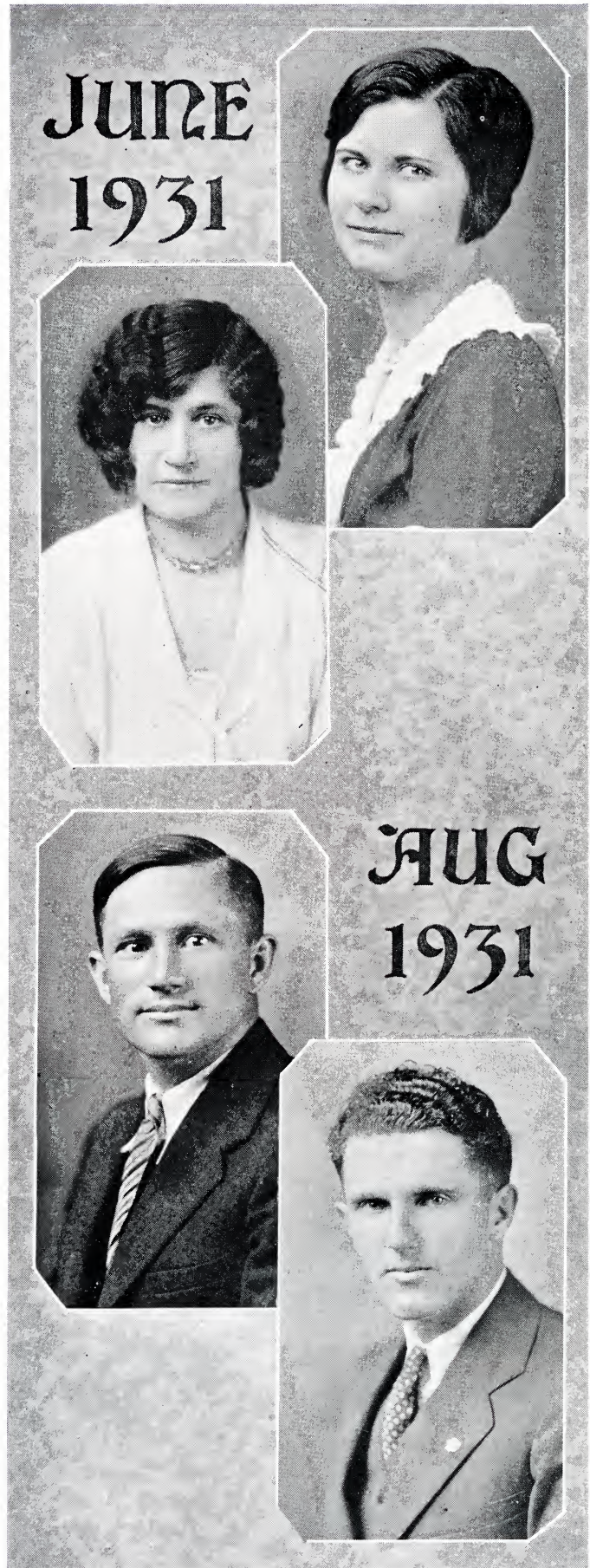
Jonesboro, Tennessee

*Chemistry, Biology, History*

Vocation—Teaching

Avocation—Lawyer

President of Washington County Club '29; Varsity Debater '29, '30; Vice-President Sophomore Class '29; Member of Students' Activities Committee '30, '31; Member of Y. M. C. A.; Football '30; Baseball '31; President August Senior Class '31.





AUG  
1931

MARY ARMSTRONG

Greenback, Tennessee

*Home Economics, Social Science, History*

Vocation—Teaching

Y. W. C. A. '30, '31; Science Club '30; Hiking Club '29;  
Sapphonian Literary Society '30, '31.

MARGARET WOODRUFF

Johnson City, Tennessee

*English, History, Geography*

Vocation—Teaching

Avocation—Reading

CHARLOTTE COX

"CHARLIE"

Johnson City, Tennessee

*Home Economics, English, History, Science, Music*

Home Economics Club; Science Club; Pi Sigma Lit-  
erary.

RALPH ARCHER

Johnson City, Tennessee

*Industrial Arts, Social Science, History*

Vocation—Realtor

GLADYS SELL

"GLAD"

Johnson City, Tennessee

*Home Economics, Chemistry, English, History*

Vocation—Teaching

Avocation—Athletic

Secretary of Science Club '30; Tennis Club; Secretary  
Home Economics Club '30; Pi Sigma Literary So-  
ciety, Science Club '27, '30; Two Numerals in Base-  
ball, T. C. Letter, Varsity Basketball '29; Honor  
Student '28, '30; Head of Hiking '30; Campus Edi-  
tor Chalk Line '29, '30; Athletic Editor Special Edi-  
tion Chalk Line.



GEORGIA ANNETTE WALKER  
"GEORGE"

Bristol, Tennessee

*Literature, History, Spanish, Biology*

Vocation—Teaching  
Avocation—Swimming

Y. W. C. A.; Assistant Joke Editor Senior Edition  
Chalk Line '31.

IRENE HARRIS TOLLETT

Crossville, Tennessee

*English, French, Music*

Vocation—Teaching  
Avocation—Expression

Vice-Pres. August Senior Class '31; Pi Sigma Literary  
Society '31; Golf Club '31; Tennis Club '31; Campus  
Editor Senior Edition Chalk Line '31.

JESSIE WISDOM LINDSEY  
"JESS"

Knoxville, Tennessee

*English, Biology, History*

Vocation—Teaching  
Avocation—Music

Martha Washington College '27, '28; Spanish Club,  
Euterpean Literary Society; Tennessee Club; Teach-  
ers College '28, '31; Circulation Manager of Chalk  
Line; Joke Editor of Special Edition, '31.

ELIZABETH GILLESPIE

South Pittsburg, Tennessee

*English, History, Geography*

Vocation—Teaching  
Avocation—Collecting Stoves

ANNA RUTH WILSON  
"RUFUS"

*Mathematics, English, Social Science*

Vocation—Teaching  
Avocation—Tennis

Sapphonian Literary Society; Y. W. C. A.





EUPHRASIA McCAMMON

Newbert, Tennessee

*English, Geograph, History*

Vocation—Teaching  
Avocation—Eating

CHARLES SPEAR

Carter, Tennessee

*History, English, Social Science*

Vocation—Teaching

MRS. KATHERINE M. MARTIN  
"KAT"

Johnson City, Tennessee

*Language, Science, Mathematics*

Vocation—Teaching  
Avocation—Housework

MARY C. BRECKENRIDGE

Johnson City, Tennessee

*History, English, Social Science*

BERVIN STAPLETON  
"SHORTY"

Idol, Tennessee

*History, Science, Mathematics*

Vocation—Teaching  
Avocation—Singing

University of Tennessee '26; Lincoln Memorial University summer '27, '28; Member Y. M. C. A., Teachers College '29, '30, '31; Exchange Editor Special Edition Chalk Line '31; Class Member Buildings and Ground Committee at T. C.

IRENE KATHERINE HARRISON  
"JERRY"

Mohawk, Tennessee

*English, History, French*

Vocation—Teaching  
Avocation—Painting

Sapphonian Literary Society; Y. W. C. A.

INEZ ANDEREGG  
"ANDY"

*English, History, Mathematics, Science*

Vocation—Teaching  
Avocation—Car-riding

Lipscomb College '27, '29; Kappa Nu. Art Club, Dramatic Club, Tennis Club, Varsity Basketball '28, '29; Baseball '28, '29; "L" Club, Cheer Leader, Tennessee "Tech" '29, '30; S. T. C. '30, '31; Head of Basketball; Literary Editor of Chalk Line; Sec. of August Senior Class.

GLADYS NANCY ROLLER

Indian Springs, Tennessee

*Home Economics, English and History*

Sapphonian '28, '29; Y. W. C. A. '28, '29, '31.

SOPHIA BORING  
"CHEERFUL"

Johnson City, Tennessee

*English, French, History, Latin*

Vocation—Teaching  
Avocation—Art

French Club; Latin Club; Pi Sigma.

MRS. BERTHA SUMNER HUNT

Jonesboro, Tennessee

*English, Social Science, Latin*

Vocation—Teaching  
Avocation—Cooking

We regret that the pictures of John L. Blake, Calvin Garland, Myrtle Lydia Erwin, Mrs. Geneva O'Neal Jones, Mrs. Lucy Bellamy Lewis, Ruth Ripley, Solomon L. Rollins, who are members of the graduating class were not available for this publication.





The Junior class numbering 132 is only partially represented here.



The Sophomore class numbering 308 is only partially represented here.



FRESHMAN CLASS

The Freshman class numbering 347 is only partially represented here.

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# A Farewell

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Teacher's College, we bid you good-bye. As we look back over our busy, crowded four years of experience and work we realize we have grown in knowledge as well as in character. We have much to thank you for, and perhaps in the future will realize our debt more deeply.

Our world is richer and wider since we first entered your doors. The friendships we formed have shown us the beauty of generosity and truthfulness. We have learned to appreciate nature in all her moods. Now we know that **Money** should not be the ultimate aim of all but Service to Others is the only aim that will fill that aching aim or impulse of progress. It is the one thing that will withstand time and mark us out as being worth-while.

As we are ready to leave our college home we realize as never before how little we really know; but we are so eager to grasp more of this world's wisdom. We wish to go out and make a name for ourselves to show you, dear college, that your efforts have not been wasted.

May you grow as we are planning to grow in the future. May your fame be sounded a-far and may you some-day be as proud of us as we are today of our Alma Mater.

## CLASS AND SCHOOL HISTORY

Thus history is recorded nor can all our tears wipe out a word of it, otherwise many a change might be made by the Seniors of 1931. Many a page might be torn out entirely or erased and rewritten and many a blot might be eradicated, and blunders corrected. Nothing, however, can lure back the moving finger; and so the history of our Senior Class remains with an occasional blot and also with records of battles lost and victories won.

We, the class of 1931, entered upon the many burdensome duties that await a college student in September, 1927, with 145 members. Little did we realize our standing until we were ignored by the Seniors, bumped by the Juniors, and almost crushed by the Sophomores. One poor member of our class well expressed the feeling of all when he murmured, "May Allah be with us."

Several of the Seniors, however, did take this band of knowledge-seekers under their **protection** and kindly invited us to enjoy all the pleasures which had been their privilege to enjoy three years before. The Sophomores thought it their duty to "show us our places". We humbly allowed them to—but only because we didn't want to destroy the precedent. At first we spent a good deal of our time going from one floor to the other—looking for the rooms where our classes met. After this was accomplished we spent much time in admiring the Seniors.

During this eventful year the new \$200,000 Training School was begun. The gathering of a nucleus for a museum was also begun in '27. This nucleus has grown considerably since that time. The most valuable improvement of the year was the remodeling of the auditorium which is one of the finest in the South.

In our second year we began to lose the idea that we were the center of attraction and took more interest in social activities.

In the autumn of 1929, our Junior year, we began to feel that we had a place in the sun. This was the most enjoyable year of all. We were looking forward to being a senior but still able to enjoy college life without the tinge of sadness that is in the heart of the Senior.

The most important events of this year were the completion of the Training School and our election to membership in the Southern Association of Secondary Schools and Colleges. The most important social event was the Junior-Senior picnic at Robins' Roost.

And now we are approaching the end of the

road, the "parting of the ways" and it is with a feeling of sadness that we gaze on the familiar scenes around us and realize that in a few short months we shall know them no more.

As Seniors we have decreased in number but not in power. We are 35 strong. Due to the type of school this is, it is very difficult to have one group go through as an organized class. Most of the Freshmen class of '27 has dropped out—some to get married and others to teach. Had it not been that graduation time is so near we would have several more students dropping out for the former reason—judging from the couples in evidence on the campus.

Considering the size of our class it has made many contributions to the progress and welfare of the school because it has no small amount of talent. We have two members on the Varsity Debating Team—Frank Bryant and Bill May. Six have won letters in Athletics—Bill May, (football) Frank Bryant, Mgr. football, Oscar Clark, tennis, Delmas Laws, basketball, James Large, basketball, football, Frank Thompson, baseball.

Practically all the most active members on the Chalk Line staff this year were Seniors. Many in our class have made the honor roll—a Senior being the only one who has succeeded in making the first honor roll this year.

The completion of the fine new \$150,000 library and the remodeling of the girls' dormitory are the most important improvements of this year—'30-'31.

The outstanding social event of the year was a Valentine party given by Iola Staten at Robins' Roost.

Not only has the school grown in respect to the erection of new buildings and the remodeling of old ones, but also in respect to the faculty. It has increased in number and also in its status. Dr. Wheeler has advanced from a bachelor to the father of two fine children. Mr. Field has achieved the title of Dr. Field. Many of our faculty have lately written articles which were published in current magazines—thus giving them prestige through publication. One dark spot in the history of the faculty in the past four years was the death of Mr. Roller last year. He was teacher of Biology and Physics.

Now it comes the time when we have to do what we most dislike to do—that is to say good-bye. What we have done since we have been at Ole T. C. we have tried to do well—and we feel confident that we shall show ourselves worthy of those whose influences and leadership have meant so much for four years of our life.



## Your Chum

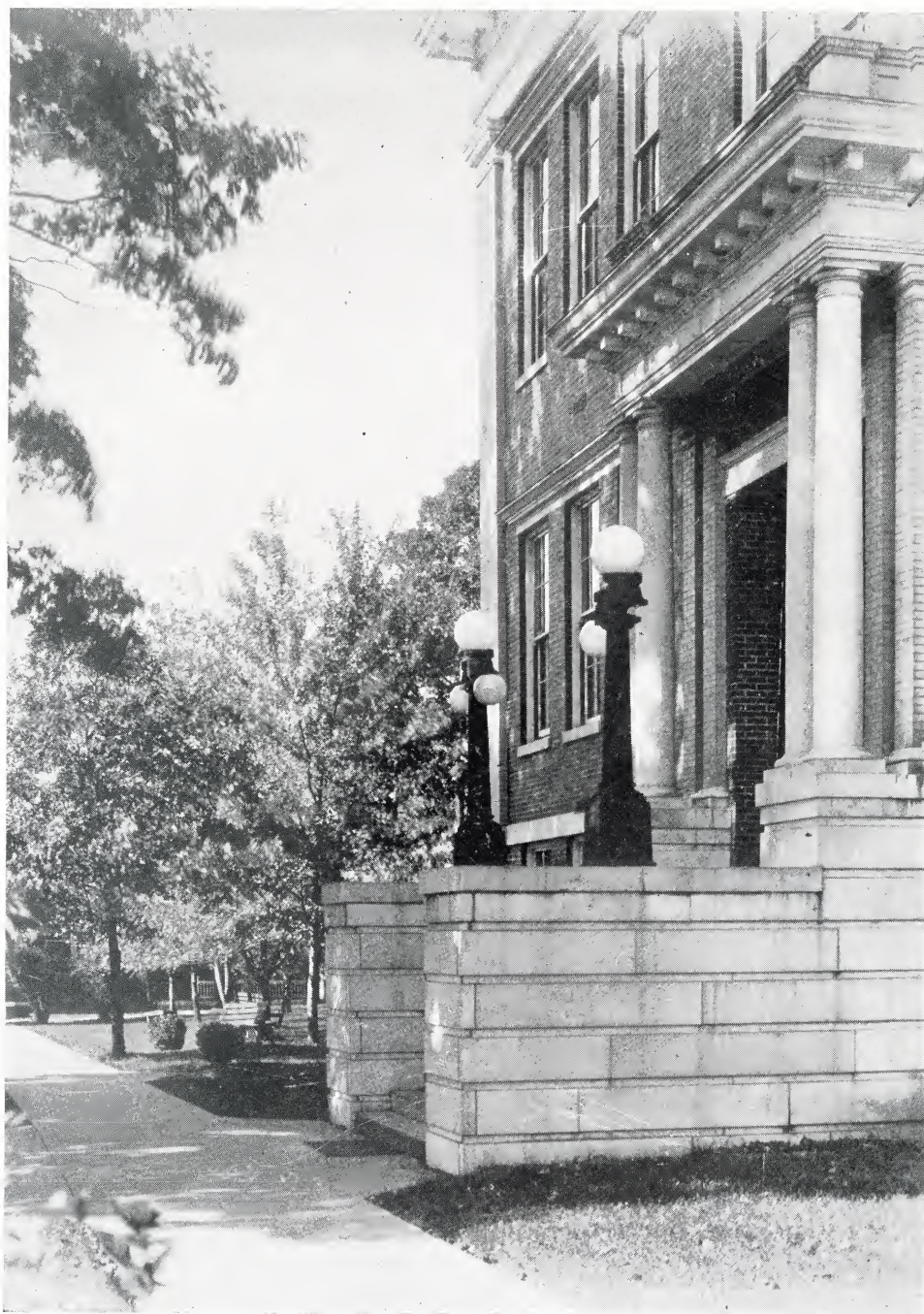


You know, there's lots of comfort  
In the friendship of your chum  
In the knowing that he'll stand by you  
When life's misfortunes come.  
And it makes you feel so happy,  
That you want to sing and hum  
When you get right down to thinking  
Of that friendship of your chum.

You'll never find your friend too tired  
To lend a helping hand,  
When everything's against you  
And the world don't understand  
Then, somehow the skies grow brighter,  
And your heart grows lighter, too,  
And you bless the day that gave to you  
This friendship, staunch and true.

Then when fortune smiles upon you,  
And favors you with fame,  
And the whole wide world is ringing  
With the praises of your name,  
You're just a wee bit disappointed—  
You feel strangely tired and blue,  
Till your old chum rings your hand and says  
"Old Pal, I'm proud of you."

Then there's nothing else that's lacking  
To make your joy complete;  
'Cause your Chum has firmly stood by you  
Through victory and defeat.  
Oh! it makes you feel so happy  
That you want to sing and hum,  
When you get right down to thinking  
Of that friendship with your Chum.



## ALMA MATER

In the shadow of the mountain,  
Under skies so blue,  
Stands our dear old Alma Mater,  
Glorious to view.

In the halls we formed our friendships,  
Dear old college home,  
And to thee we pledge our hearts,  
Wherever we may roam!

Chorus:

Sound the chorus, speed it onward,  
Thee we'll never fail,  
Hail to thee, our Alma Mater!  
Hail to thee! all hail!

### WHAT COLLEGE MEN SHOULD KNOW

The first thing the college man should know is how to think. Can you take a problem of life, as you would one of Mathematics or Physics, analyze that problem and reason it out to a logical conclusion, eliminating all tantalizing side arguments that would seem short cuts to the solution? Are you so sure that you can that you would be willing to stake your business reputation upon your decision? Do you form your own opinions or are you merely a sponge, absorbing those thoughts that someone else has had for your own? In life today the man who succeeds is so master of his mind that he can remain serene in the face of threatened disaster, clearly think the way out and follow that way after he has reasoned it out. He must not be led astray by the clamor of those about him nor must he allow his judgment to be warped by the opinions and words of silver-tongued self-seekers.

The other thing that I consider of Paramount importance for the college man to know is but one natural outgrowth of clear, straight thinking and that is toleration. Each of us bitterly resents it if someone tries to force his opinions upon us, it merely entrenches us more firmly in our own opinions, yet we will turn right around and try to force ours on someone else. We are tolerant of other peoples' opinions, of their customs, their religious beliefs, even of their nations and races. Yet they are as much entitled to their own as you are to yours. One of the duties of history, one of the things men should learn from a perusal of the record of races and nations, is the lesson of their development. Each race has evolved slowly, it has built up for itself traditions, religions, customs that are as innately a part of them as ours are for us.

Unless you go out from college imbued with the idea that the other fellow, the other party, the other nation is as much entitled to their opinions as you are, then you have not learned the biggest lesson that college should have taught you. Clear, logical thinking will convince you that the Jew has as much right to his religious opinions as you have to yours. The day that intoleration dies will see the birth of Universal Peace—and not before it. So, in my estimation, the two things of paramount importance for the college man of today to know are first, how to think coolly, logically—to think straight and how to be tolerant.

—L. E. Harville.

### EDUCATIONAL ADVANCEMENT AT TEACHERS COLLEGE

During the last four years Teachers College has made remarkable advancement in Educational lines, including buildings, equipment, faculty and student body.

If one should have visited our campus four years ago and returned today he would see a vast difference. Instead of the unsightly and unattractive old red building that used to be our training school, we have today, in its stead, a very beautiful, magnificent and modern building which so efficiently takes care of the needs of the college. The students are very fortunate to have at their use one of the finest buildings of its kind in the entire South.

If the visitor should recall an entertainment in the "old auditorium" he would walk into the new one with utter amazement. Dumbfounded to the extent that something so beautiful could be made from the old unattractive room.

If he should remember the congestion and confusion of the old cafeteria, he would appreciate the convenience and modern arrangement of the new cafeteria.

On the night of the formal opening of the new girls' dormitory such exclamations as these were heard in almost every room: "Oh, how lovely." "O, how different" and "one would never think this to be the same place," etc. The girls of this college are exceedingly fortunate to have an opportunity of living in a building like this.

Last, but not least, is the new library building on our campus, that will soon be ready for use. The seniors regret very much that they will not be given the opportunity of using this building, but we wish to congratulate other students who do have this privilege. This building is sufficient to accommodate all the growing student body, and will relieve the congestion and difficulty of finding a seat which is true of the old library.

Our student body has grown enormously. We have more students taking the straight college course and receiving degrees than ever before. In the fall of 1927 we had a student body of some three hundred and fifty. In the fall of 1930, we had over five hundred. Of course in the spring and summer terms our enrollment exceeds one thousand.

We, the Senior class, congratulate the Teachers College for its growth, and a more enthusiastic school spirit. Upon leaving we wish it all progress and continued growth in all its undertakings.

—D. L. M.

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 DIPLOMAS
 

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In East Tennessee an edifice has been built; a monument to the furtherance of education and a better understanding of the ways of living. Presently another crop of its disciples are to go forth to teach its gospel. We sincerely hope—and believe they will—fulfill their duties to the utmost. A full knowledge of this duty, we believe, has been instilled into them, so we look with confidence upon their future.

But what about the time spent here! Students have come and gone; acquaintances have been made, and friendships formed. (May they endure.) Work has been done; hard exacting work. Pleasures have been enjoyed, to be enjoyed no more. It is over and we have come to the parting of the ways. It was inevitable—the law of nature.

Let us carry with us a fondness for these friendships that have existed. Let each promise him and herself to renew these friendships as often as possible.

However, we are not the first to go, nor shall we be the last. Teachers, too, have come and gone. All exerted an influence according to their attainments. Others will come and go. They, in turn, will be replaced, and so it is with all flesh—with all life.

Jobe, as he viewed the rose with its beauty and fragrance, spend its few short days on the hills of Judea only to wither and die, and as he saw his flocks at graze spend their short allotted time realized the truth that all things earthly must part.

So the chain of life goes on whether it be amid the hills of Galilee or at the end of Maple Street. Living is the gift of nature, but beautiful living is the gift of wisdom—education. So take what you have learned out into the world and use it well. Enjoy nature, for nature is life. But remember that nature is kind only to those that love her, and exacting of those who disobey her laws.

As it has been with others so shall it be with us. We are here today, and tomorrow we are scattered to the four winds. We are about to foregather here for the last time. Shall we meet again?—R. B. M.

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Dean B.: "Now, tell me what you know about Milton."

Thomas G.: "Milton was a famous English poet who got married and wrote **Paradise Lost**; then his wife died and he wrote **Paradise Regained**."

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 DIZZY RAMBLINGS
 

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Well! and well again well. I am about to receive my sheep skin. Why it is called a sheep skin I don't know. For, although I have never had one in my hands, all I have ever seen looked like paper to me—and poor paper at that. Like ninety-nine per cent of the blokes that get them. Nevertheless, as I just remarked, I am about to get mine.

My college career was literally thrust upon me. Really I didn't want to go, but father decided for me. He summed it up thus: "Son," said he, "I have decided to live up to the family traditions and spend as much good money on you as possible, to make as little out of you as possible. If you stay home you are liable to amount to something, so I am packing you up, bag and baggage (his added statement concerning baggage was erroneous) and carting you off for an education."

"Father," I replied, "I will do my darndest to amount to nothing." I refer you to the P-R-O-F-S. as to the extent of my success. Being a modest fellow (in some things) I don't like to boast, but I think I have achieved father's purpose. In fact—with a pardonable pride—I think I have myself.

I have but two regrets: one that I have never had a raccoon coat and the other, (Borrower of borrowers) that I never learned to play the ukelele. The first unhappy condition is due partly to the climate, for even with a raccoon coat the students here are under somewhat of a handicap. Up north the boys can wear their coats from the 1st of September until graduation, whereas, down here we have to put ours away much earlier, which necessitates the purchase of moth balls with money which could be spent on high balls. The latter condition is due entirely to my own inaptitude.

But nevertheless, I am graduating—to go home and show the Governor just how well I have followed his instructions. He should feel proud.

—Roy B. McLain.

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We have been told in History class that "petticoat wars" are the worst ever. It is our conviction, however, that this age is much too modern for such frays.

In Geography class we hear that women of South America wear as many as ten petticoats. They have been counted. We wonder if that is why there are so many revolutions in South America.

### WHO'S WHO IN THE SENIOR CLASS

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Alma Ruth Brown .....	Most Artistic
Frank Bryant .....	Best Natured
Oscar Clark .....	Most Athletic
Kathleen Connor .....	Best Cook
Edna Daniels .....	Most Sensitive
Dessa Deakins .....	Best Mathematical
Blanch Duncan .....	Most Enthusiastic
Virgil Easley .....	Most Eloquent
Mildred Ellison .....	Most Popular
Thomas Gardner .....	Most Scientific
Zella Mae Greene .....	Most Sympathetic
Lora Belle Grubb .....	Most Confident
Grace Hammer .....	Most Historical
Lacy Harville .....	Most Forgetful
Sarah Hickey .....	Best Teacher
Frances Jackson .....	Most Studious
James Large .....	Most Talkative
Delmas Laws .....	Best Lover
Rosalie Littlefield .....	Most Likable
Roy Lee McLain .....	Most Industrious
Mildred McLane .....	Most Particular
Dorothy May .....	Most Humorous
William Mayberry .....	Happiest
Verdel Nicely .....	Most Bashful
Sherman Owen .....	Most Backward
Margaret Remine .....	Most Musical
Isabel R. Richmond .....	Most Ambitious
Pauline Richie .....	Most Accurate
Irene Rowe .....	Most Conscientious
Aileen Ruble .....	Most Modest
Kathleen Smith .....	Most "Home Economical"
Iola Staten .....	Most Patient
Bertha June Tileman .....	Quietest
Jessie Sniegocki .....	Most Business-Like

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### WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF—

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Bertha June Tileman answered unprepared?  
 Jim Large couldn't flirt?  
 Grace Hammer got fat?  
 Lacy Harville couldn't cuss?  
 Delmas Laws couldn't hold hands?  
 Frances Jackson lost her interest in Biology?  
 Mildred McLain wasn't worried?  
 Kathleen Smith stayed over the week-end?  
 Virgil Easley got taller?  
 Mildred Ellison didn't pose?  
 Lora Belle Grubb didn't smile?  
 Margaret Remine couldn't primp?  
 Thomas Gardner would lose his voice?

Pauline Ritchie got thin?  
 Aileen Ruble spent a nickel?  
 Dessa Deakins couldn't ask questions?  
 Rosalie Littlefield walked faster than a snail?  
 Roy McLane got bald?  
 Verdel Nicely couldn't go to Jonesboro?  
 W. C. Mayberry could make a five minute talk?  
 Dorothy May couldn't argue?  
 Kathleen Conner didn't play tennis?  
 Isabell Richmond didn't worry our dietities?  
 Sarrah Hickey couldn't offer suggestions?  
 Zalla Mae Green was serious?  
 Sherman Owen couldn't obey rules?  
 Blanch Duncan went car riding?  
 Jessie Sniegocki didn't make an A?  
 Iola Staten couldn't take physical "Edd."?  
 Irene Rowe didn't make second honor roll?  
 Edna Daniels was quiet?  
 Oscar Clark couldn't take industrial arts?  
 Frank Bryant couldn't debate?  
 Alma Ruth Brown wasn't artistic?  
 Mary Armstrong couldn't joke?

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### A LESSON IN ART

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Into the heart of the sunset  
 I gaze with awe sublime  
 At the beauty of mingled colors blent  
 On river and marsh and sky.

Gold of Florida, green of the Nile,  
 Opal, sapphire, and cerise;  
 Pink of the sea-shells, flame of carmine,  
 Turquoise and blue of Venice.

Brooding alone at twilight  
 In the marsh, a wary crane stands;  
 One foot upraised, prepared for flight,  
 At a sign of trespass from man.

In the distance cattle are wading  
 Dark forms against the sky,  
 Motionless now and gazing;  
 Silence supreme for a time.

Slowly the colors are fading,  
 The Miracle of the Day is done;  
 The finishing touch of the Painter  
 Makes river and sky as one.

—E. F. D.

## DREAMS

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Dreams play an important role in the life of every individual. The small boy looks forward eagerly to the day when he will win the coveted honor of being a member of the team. The little girl thinks of the time when she will wear the cap and gown—not that devoting scholastic attainment, but the one adorned with orange blossoms. The inexperienced doctor dreams of becoming a renowned surgeon, having constantly before him a mental picture of a great hospital, of which he is the director, where almost miraculous cures are effected, and of scores of white-capped nurses waiting for his directions. The struggling lawyer has visions of winning his first case, of becoming well known for his legal ability, and of pleading his cases before the Supreme Court of his state. The minister dreams of a celestial world in which love, peace, and friendship prevail.

Without dreams the world would be a veritable Sahara; man would give up hope and drift into the sea of despair; education and religion would lose its most important ally.

Dreams seem to be universal; yet perhaps the person who has greatest need for them is the teacher. While she is trying to introduce Susie to the delights of Baby Ray, meanwhile attempting to prevent Johnny's sticking pins in the little girl in front of him and throwing spit balls across the room, it requires a great deal of courage and patience to keep from giving up in despair. To the teacher without dreams each child is only another cause for worry; while the teacher who knows how to dream effectively sees in each of the unpromising specimens of humanity before her a second George Washington or Abraham Lincoln. Each day's preparation becomes not just another lesson, but another link in the chain of physical and mental growth. The successful teacher is the one who dreams, who has high ideals, and puts these into daily use.

The dreams ahead are a stimulus to creative thinking and purposeful activity. This idea has been very well expressed by Edwin Carlile Litsey, in:

### The Dreams Ahead

What would we do in this world of ours,  
 Were it not for the dreams ahead?  
 For thorns are mixed with the blooming flowers  
 No matter which path we tread.

And each of us has his golden goal,  
 Stretching far into the years;  
 And ever he climbs with a hopeful soul,  
 With alternate smiles and tears.

That dream ahead is what holds him up  
 Through the storms of a ceaseless fight;  
 When his lips are pressed to warmwood's cup,  
 And clouds shut out the light.

To some its a dream of high estate;  
 To some its a dream of wealth;  
 To some it's a dream of a truce with fate,  
 In a ceaseless search for health.

To some its a dream of home and wife;  
 To some, of a crown above.  
 The dreams ahead are what make each life;  
 The dreams, and faith, and love.

—G. H.

## DOES A COLEGE EDUCATION PAY?

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To answer this question, I must limit somewhat its scope. By a college education, I do not mean a course at a technical school. The question of the value of a technical education is one to be determined on its own merits. In considering it, we must leave out most of the elements which make up the value of a college education. On the other hand, other elements enter which are more easily measured in dollars and cents. For today and for some years to come, the material losses of the Great War and the need of replacing them have thrown the utility of the engineer into high relief. The only questionings that may come to the graduate in engineering arise from the high wages of unskilled and semi-skilled workmen—munition workers at five hundred dollars a week and potato peelers at six dollars a day—but those conditions are probably only transitory.

Nor do I refer to profesisonal education. Whether it pays to spend three to five years at a school of law or medicine or theology is not a question of whether that education pays, but whether the profession itself pays. The same is true to a lesser extent of teaching and related occupations. The real question about the college education here relates to its utility as a prerequisite to a professional course—a matter which I will discuss later.

Furthermore, I do not wish to ignore, though I cannot fully discuss, the question of the personal

equation. Let us admit at once that there are men on whom a college education would be wasted. The old saying about putting a thousand dollars worth of education over a hundred dollar boy is as true as it ever was. Also there are exceptional men to whom a college could give nothing—but only a few of them. Even within these limits what each individual student gets from his college depends largely on himself. He may waste his four years or make them of untold value.

The question then returns to this: For the man with an average mind, or better, willing to make good use of his opportunities, does it pay to spend four years in the general cultural studies included in what we ordinarily term a college course?

For the professions the tendency has always been to answer the question in the affirmative. The law student finds some of the best law schools settling it for him by requiring two to four years of college work for admission as a regular student. The same is becoming true of the medical schools, except that in their case there is a somewhat more definite statement of the "pre-medical" work to be done in college. In both these cases the requirement is justified. A man may make a kind of a lawyer by building his legal studies on the foundation of a high school course or less; if he is a good business man, he may make a success in certain legal fields without a general education—and without much of a legal education either. But if he wishes to go any distance into the history and theory of the law; if he wishes to be able to deal with a new situation on general legal principles rather than by a liberal citation of nearly parallel cases; if he has any hope of making any real contributions of his own to the science; then he needs a broader basis in history and philosophy, and the college is the surest and in some senses the cheapest means to get it. Likewise in medicine the physician needs today a broad foundation of pure science for his own specialty. While in both professions, dealing as they do with all kinds of people and all phases of their business, any item of any branch of knowledge may at some time or other prove useful if not vital. To the clergyman the value of a college course is still greater. I take for granted the need of the classics as a foundation for scriptural exegesis, and of secular history as a background for the history of the Church and its doctrines, of philosophy and psychology for an understanding of religion in itself and its influence on human beings. But more than this we

have to recognize today the weakness of the hold of the Church upon educated men, a weakness accentuated by the various failures of organized Christianity in connection with the Great War. One very influential cause of this has been the fact that such men found the clergy their intellectual inferiors, and have felt that they had nothing to give them, or that what they offered was unreliable. In that condition of things it is apparent that the man who enters the ministry will find the broadest possible education none too much. For teaching and its related professions the need of a college course is self-evident.

But what of the man who does not enter a profession, but goes into business, or industry, or even back to the farm? Is a college course a paying investment for him? I answer emphatically, "Yes."

Directly it is often of some help, that is some of the actual items of knowledge he has acquired may be turned directly to account. But its great value is indirect. Industry is today very specialized. Most men have each a small field of action which they must know thoroughly. It is rare indeed that they can get just that information at college. But their college course should have given them the ability to learn their work, to see their position and its duties as a whole, the relation of one part to another; to analyze it, and deal with each part in succession, so that they can get their work into running order quicker than the untrained man. From this specialization of business another consequence follows: No one man can work alone, all must be made to work together; and the highest places and the highest rewards go to the men who can see all these smaller fields in their relation to the larger whole, and keep the army of special workers below them moving in harmony without friction or overlapping. And this broader vision, this grasp of method which may be applied to many different kinds of data, is exactly what the college education should give a man, and will, if, on his side, he works for it. He may get it without the college—many men have, but it is at the cost of much labor and many failures.

But whether a man is in business or a profession, he must be a citizen whether he wishes it or not. As a citizen, however small, his infinitesimal part of the governing of the country may be, he is responsible for doing it right. Now many if not most of our mistakes in national policy in the past have risen from lack of knowledge of all the relations of our acts; or from heedlessness

and refusal to see the consequences to which like causes have led in the past. A college education for the man who has it, should fill this lack. Dealing much with the past—for which it is sometimes condemned—it should give the graduate, when he is acting as a citizen, the historical perspective from which to judge the policies he is asked to support or oppose by comparison with similar policies and their results in his own and other countries. The habit which it should give of looking on things not by themselves but in their relations to others will enable the citizen to appraise the proposals of either the enthusiastic reformer or the rigid reactionary; to search for and if necessary to expose to others the immediate or remote consequences which the proponents of a scheme are very apt, with or without intention, to keep somewhat in the background.

And what of the value of the college education to the man, himself, as a man? It is well for a man to be devoted to his work, but man was not made to work all the time. Outside of his office, he should be something more than the "tired business man." He can do his work better if his education has enabled him when the day's work is done to turn to something entirely different, something which will send him back to his desk refreshed by the rest which comes from an entire change of ideas and interests. Perhaps it is here that the college education pays best after all. For the other features which I have spoken of have to do only with making a living—this counts in making a life.

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### LOVE ETERNAL

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Was I long, long ago with you somewhere?  
 Have we far distant lands ever trod?  
 Since the Spirit returns to the Giver,  
 Were we not long ago then with God?

There is something that makes me recal it,  
 But I cannot recall where or when,  
 In the depths of my soul though I feel it,  
 And I know that we love now as then.

For our Love is of God, and eternal.  
 It was then; it is now; it shall be,  
 When, with bodies celestial, we enter  
 Into joys mortal eyes cannot see.

—I. L. H.

### THE TRAIL OF LONG AGO

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#### (Meditations of a T. C. Alumnus ? Years Hence)

As I idly sit and gaze at the stars  
 In the moonlight's shinning glow  
 My mind goes back to a well worn track  
 To a trail of long ago.

I can see it still as it stretches way  
 'Twixt a border of maples and oaks  
 With the sunlight here, and the shadows there,  
 And the clouds floating by like smoke.

I can feel the cool breeze on my cheek.  
 Hear a ripple of laughter low.  
 I can smell the perfume of the lilacs in bloom  
 Down that trail of the long ago.

But others are walking that trail tonight  
 Little dreaming that we may know  
 The mystic delight of those starry nights  
 Down that trail of long ago.

They go to the Library, and there they halt.  
 Then up to the main building, slow.  
 To the Cafe and back—they are all on the track  
 In the trail of the long ago.

---

Lost: Two nights sleep.  
 Cause: A girl named Inez.  
 Result: Red present at roll-call but passed  
 right out.

---

"Hello."  
 "Hello, is this Margaret?"  
 "Yes."  
 "Do you still love me?"  
 "Yes, who is it?"

---

Frances: You raised your hat to that girl who  
 passed. You don't know her, do you?

Mr. Brown: No, but my brother does and this  
 is his hat.

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A dainca  
 A data  
 Out lata  
 Perchanca  
 A classa  
 A quizza  
 No passa  
 Gee whizza.



## ALUMNI NEWS

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The alumni of State Teachers College have been successful in all fields of education. Some have made remarkable records in the school-room, others as coaches and still others as leaders in law and politics.

Miss Pearl Archer has been teaching in Johnson City Junior High School the past year and from all reports she has been an excellent teacher.

Miss Bernadine Ballard taught English in the Lamar High School this year.

Mr. Kirk Banks of Elizabethton is the superintendent of Carter County schools.

Raymond Barry, class 1930, has been teaching and coaching at Tellico Plains where he has made a good name for himself.

Mrs. Gertrude Boren is the head of the History department at the Teachers College Training School. Mrs. Boren graduated at Teachers College in 1930.

Miss Julia Brewer, also of the class of 1930, is a teacher at the West Side School, Johnson City. Miss Brewer has been very successful this year.

Mr. Charles Edgar Britton is a teacher of Geography at the Johnson City Junior High School.

Mr. Howard Carr is teacher and coach at Washington College. Besides being efficient in the school room he has produced some good basket ball and baseball teams.

Miss Velma Cloyd is at the head of the Mathematics department at the Teachers College Training School. She certainly knows how to teach Math.—We've observed her.

Mr. Emmett Conner is studying and practising law in Johnson City.

Miss Cora Mae Crockett is teaching the sixth grade at the West Side School.

Mrs. Frank Field has been teaching at Happy Valley. She is so good that they won't give her up.

Ross Fritts is Superintendent of County schools in Johnson County. Ross has been very successful in his work.

Paul Gourley is teaching in the Appalachian Teachers College Training School at Boone, North Carolina. Another alumni who has made good.

Another alumni who has a good record to be proud of is Miss Catherine Hartsook. She is teaching in the Martha Wilder School.

Mr. Trent Huff, ex-superintendent of Schools in Polk County, is in Teachers College taking a post graduate course.

Mr. Edwin Kennedy is a teacher and director of athletics in the Newport High School. Ed's success as a coach is known to everyone.

Rodney McNabb, a member of the class of 1930, sold enough books to make a dozen libraries. Rodney was called from this profession to teach in the Unicoi County High School where he has been very successful.

Miss Dorothy Whitlock is teaching violin at the Teachers College Training School. Since she has been there everyone has wanted to learn to play a violin.

Ross Walker has done his part to make the class of 1930 famous by being elected Superintendent of the Hawkins County Schools. Anybody want to teach in Hawkins County?

Mr. L. L. Sisk is the head of the Physics department in the Senior High School of Johnson City. Besides being a teacher in the high school he also takes an active part in church work.

Miss Blanche Shoun has been very successful teaching History in the Bristol, Virginia High School. She has built up that department there and has won praise from her co-workers; also some from Miss Maxine Mathews.

Miss Vera Ross is teaching at Happy Valley. She has enjoyed two successful years there.

The record of Mr. James Mooney is known to everyone. He is now the property of the New York Giants.

We could write and write about the remarkable records made by the alumni of Teachers College but space will not permit. Over the length and breadth of East Tennessee the good work of the Teachers College alumni is being manifest.

—SELAH.

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Mildred Ellison: "Well, I finally got into the movies."

Nicely: "You really did! How?"

Mildred: "Oh, I paid the usual fifty cents."

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Prof. Bible: "Thank God for our follies."

Harville: "Yes, I like the women, too."

# "The Mystery of Murphy Hall"

## AUTHOR'S FOREWORD

The idea came to me to write this play when I saw in the paper that an Atheist Club was being organized among the students in a certain southwestern University. I consider this trend in modern education lamentable, and I have attempted a farce, hoping to portray a scene from the sublime to the ridiculous. With all apologies for this attempt, I am reminded of the lines from "Adam and Eva"—"All the world's a stage but most of us are only stagehands."

—EDNA DANIEL.

## Characters

Harold Jaynes .....	President of the Club
Charles Beard .....	Secretary of the Club
James Doyle .....	Member of the Club
Haynes Webster .....	Law Student and Member of the Club
John Carter .....	Visitor
Mary Davis .....	Friend of John and also a Visitor
Zeke .....	Negro Janitor of Murphy Hall

## Scene:

The large stage of the Auditorium in Murphy Hall was the place chosen by a few summer students of a well known southwestern university as a meeting place for a newly organized Atheist Club. This place was chosen because it was seldom used during the summer session.

To the right center of the stage is a desk, behind which the President of the Club sits. Beside him and on the left is the secretary. Further to the right, semi-circle-wise, sit the other members of the Club. The main entrance is also on the right.

To the left of the desk and at the front of the stage is a table. On this table is a lantern slide machine, sometimes used for demonstration purposes. Its lenses are now pointed toward the desk.

Around the walls are groupings of college banners in gay coloring. On the desk is a vase of fresh flowers and a glass of water beside it. On the corner of the desk is a briefcase belonging to one of the members.

The fellows are wearing white flannel trousers blue coats and flaming ties.

The preliminaries of the meeting are over and the President is addressing the Club.

HAROLD

(Tall, Dark and Thin Fellow)

My friends, I am very glad to see you assembled once again. It is flattering to me that my speech on Atheism at the last meeting has found approval among a few of those present at any rate. Permit me to say, fellow students, that I am exploiting this subject very thoroughly and that I expect to give to the world a syllabus of my deductions at a future time.

(The negro jaintor in the hall not far away can be heard singing in a quavering voice: "How Firm a Foundation." HAROLD goes to close the door and JOHN CARTER enters simultaneously.)

HAROLD

How do you do, Mr. Jones? It is very gratifying to have such a distinguished visitor with us today. You are soon to become a Ph. D. I understand. Let me introduce you to our charter members. Mr. Jones, this is Charles Beard, a student of theosophy.

JOHN

(A pleasant, unsophisticated young man)  
I am interested already, Mr. Beard.

HAROLD

And this is James Doyle, whom we believe is a nephew of the late English philosopher, and one who is also interested in spiritualism.

JOHN

(Bowing) This is all very interesting, a very intellectual company, indeed.

HAROLD

And this is Haynes Webster, our star debator at the University; and by the way, Haynes here firmly believes in nothing we have to say or that anyone has to say. He likes to argue, but we expect him to be convinced of the Atheist point of view in the end.

HAYNES

(A tall, lean, scholarly-looking student)  
(Rising) Now, see here, Jaynes—

HAROLD

(Continuing, and HAYNES sits down.) And now, John, may I ask if you'd be interested in joining our Pioneer Organization?

JOHN

Well—now—Just what is the object or purpose of your organization?

HAROLD

(Turning to CHARLES) Mr. Secretary, will

you please read the resolutions we adopted at our last meeting?

CHARLES

(A heavy-set blond with high-pitched voice)

(Rising and reading) We, the undersigned, do hereby resolve and pledge ourselves to make a thorough research in science and philosophy with the intention of deciding this very vital question in the minds of intelligent people of the day.

Question: Is there a power ahighah than Man that rules the various planets or may life and all existence be subject to metaphysical law which we as scientists and philosophers are seeking to find, and when found will prove that Man with the aid of science alone is Supreme Ruler of the Universe?

JANITOR

(Opens door, carrying brush for sweeping room.) Are yo' all goin' be in here for a spell yet, Mistah? I's gotta clean up sometime!

HAROLD

For about an hour, Zeke!

JOHN

(Stroking his chin.) That seems like a rather deep subject. Will you read it again please?

CHARLES

(Rising and rereading.) Is there a power higher than Man that rules the various planets or may life and all existence be subject to metaphysical law which we as scientists and philosophers.

JOHN

(Interrupting.) A very deep subject, indeed! (Writes in a notebook.) All right, thanks.

HAROLD

Our plan is that each one of us shall make investigation of some particular philosophy of religion, write a thesis and present it to the Club. After that we shall have a round table discussion. If this doctrine can be proved unsound, then we are helping to establish more firmly the doctrine of Atheism, to which attempt most of us have all pledged ourselves.

JOHN

I see. What is the name of this Club?

HAROLD

(To Charles) Mr. Secretary, will you read the data on that point from your report?

CHARLES

(Rising and reading) The name unanimously chosen for this Pioneer Organization is the Atheist's Bachelor Club. For short we call it the A. B. C.

JOHN

An appropriate name, indeed! But it seems to me you're a little hard on the ladies. I have a girl

friend here in college who is also much interested in your club and would like to be admitted. She is waiting now for me in the corridor.

CHARLES

(Rising and mopping his brow with his handkerchief) Wheah is this young lady from?

JOHN

Back East!

CHARLES

(Straightening his necktie) Indeed!

HAROLD

It is impossible for the weaker sex in intelligence to come into our organization. Ruskin says that it is dangerous for women to enter into the study of theolgy. They become unbalanced, fanatical—I repeat, it is impossible!

JOHN

All right! O Kay! What is necessary for membership in your club besides being a bachelor?

HAROLD

He must have a fundamental belief in the evolution theory of the Origin of Man, substantiate Freud on the relation of the sexes, be well informed in science and metaphysics, have some original ideas with regard to the fourth dimension—and—well, these are a few of the theories we hope to shed new light on incidentally, Mr. Carter.

JOHN

Well—I'm not sure that I am eligible for membership. I'll think it over.

HAROLD

Good! If you decide to join us, let us know, as you must first be examined to find your I. Q.

JOHN

(Looking at his watch and bowing.) And now I must be going to keep my engagement! See you at dinner!

HAROLD

Sorry about the engagement! I say—now—John! Come on to our meeting. Suppose you bring the young lady in to visit today. She will no doubt, become bored—but—

JOHN

O, I think not! She's a wonderful girl! Can do marvelous things with her voice—whistle like a bird! It's a great idea! I'll go fetch her! (Exit JOHN.)

CHARLES

(Turning to HAROLD.) Surprised at yuah being so keen on this Sweetheart Parade! (Turning to HAYNES.) Is my tie on straight, Haynes?

HAYNES

(Rising and going toward closet.) There's a

mirror in the closet. Let's take a squint at ourselves before the lady arrives.

(They get out the mirror and are preening themselves before it.)

On the corner outside may be heard the Salvation Army singing with accompaniment of tambourines, "'Tis the old time religion."

CHARLES replaces the mirror, takes his seat by the desk. JOHN enters with MARY at his side. She is slight of figure, blond with laughing blue eyes.)

JCHN

Miss Davis, let me present to you the members of the Atheist Club. Mr. Jaynes, the President of the Club, Miss Davis—

MARY

Charmed, Mr. Jaynes, to get your invitation!

JOHN

And this is Charles Beard, the Secretary. Make yourself acquainted, Charles.

CHARLES

(Straightening his tie.) With the greatest of felicity, I assuah you, Mr. Cartah.

JOHN

And now—this is Mr. Webster and Mr. Doyle.

(The men bow and MARY smiles sweetly. JOHN and MARY sit on the extreme right in chairs a little removed.)

HAROLD

(Taking his place behind the stand.) Now, let us get down to brass tacks. The speaker for today is Charles Beard, who has gone wild on the subject of Ancient Wisdom. His chosen subject is Atlantics, our mother planet, so called. By the way, Charles believes he is now on his fourth planet of spiritual existence. And Charles, please pardon a personal remark, but it is the belief of most of us that you might have advanced much more rapidly if you had not been addicted to the use of nicotine.

CHARLES

(Rising and lisping in a high-pitched voice.) Mr. President, the planet upon which my soul is now abiding is none of yuah affaah. The subject upon which I shall speak today is the original planet, Atlantis, our mothah planet, from which I emerged aeons ago, when you were a tadpole and I was a fish—you see, deah friends—

HAYNES

(Rising and moving toward the door.) Do I understand that you are going to speak on Grecian mythology or evolution?

CHARLES

(Heatedly.) You do not! It is true that you and I (pause)—and all of us (gesture)—once

lived in the Grecian era of civilization, which explains the fact that we are all interested in highah philosophy as were Plato and Aristotle.

HAROLD

(Interrupting) Charles, did you or did you not flunk on that test in Contemporary Philosophy last week?

CHARLES

(In an oratorical voice.) I did not! Friends, I ask that you lend me a moah sympathetic eah. (Shifting his weight and balancing on his toes, fingertips together.) My subject is Atlantis. It was the original planet of the Soul, the one on which our several barques set sail, thousands and thousands of yeahs ago. Then Atlantis was verdant, lovely, and a greatly populated resort of mankind—like Los Angeles heah (making a sweeping gesture.) Today, it is known as the Lost Continent. It has been submerged by the sea for countless centuries, my friends, but our souls passed on to anothah and highah realm of existence (takes a drink of water from the desk) another realm of existence where we were to be reincahnated, where we were to continue the struggle and reach yet highah planes (gesture upward) of ethical living, so that our souls might the sooner emerge to a still highah (upward gesture) level of existence. (Pausing to mop his forehead and adjust his collar, then continuing) It may interest you, my friends, to know that some types of people (looking at HAROLD) are very slow to rise and that others (Pause, looking at MARY) rise more swiftly. Now if it be true as my friend Harold insinuates—But my friends, I'll not argue. (HAYNES rises.) Sit down Haynes. Until the facts as to my I. Q. are established, which will help to solve this mattah, I'll say no moah! Friends, I thank you for yuah kind attention (noticeably looking at MARY.)

(Applause from JOHN and MARY.)

MARY

(Audibly to JOHN) What's it all about?

(JOHN takes the paper from his pocket upon which he had written the resolutions of the Club and hands it to her.)

HAROLD

(Taking the stand.) Well, Charles, we are disappointed in the termination of your address so soon. It seems to me that you are unnecessarily emotional—

MARY

(Rising) Mr. President—May I be permitted to ask what are the requirements for entrance into your organization? I am very much interested, and so are two of my girl-friends.

HAROLD

As a fundamental principle of this organization, we are strictly limiting our membership to bachelors only, Miss Davis!

CHARLES

As a chartah membah of this Club I recommend that the young ladies be admitted into our organization.

HAYNES

(Rising) This question of admitting ladies into our organization is a subject for debate. I'll take the affirmative.

HAROLD

This question will be decided in a private conference. Our next Speaker has been introduced, I believe, James Doyle, a nephew of the late Sir Conan. And now, Mr. Doyle.

JAMES

(Slowly and confusedly.) My friends, I shall make a brief attempt to show what Spiritualism is, and what it teaches. It enables us to know the thoughts and purposes, the secret intentions and character of those who are living around us. The Supreme Intelligence knows our every thought. The deepest secrets of our hearts are all known to the Intelligence which is ever around and near us, and can be disclosed to the world. It is not unreasonable to suppose that the Spirits of our departed friends are suffered to remain on earth and to mingle in the affairs of men... The spirit of our departed friends can and do commune with us who are left behind. I believe that you and I and all of us shall some day be able to receive these sensitive vibrations that emanate from the spirit world to this mundane plane of existence (Pause) I seem right now to hear the rustle of invisible garments—or angels' wings—I hear—I hear

MYSTERIOUS VOICE

(Ghostly and feeble and seeming to come from the machine pointed toward him.) Nephew, you are miss-s-taken!

JAMES

(Jumping and looking at the machine.) W-wh-oo-wh-what did you say?

VOICE

You are wr-r-rong!

JAMES

(Teeth chattering) It is the message! The Spirit message from my uncle! O my Soul! (He slumps down in a faint.)

CHARLES

(Springing toward him.) Here, Harold, help! The fellow is fainting! Open the window!

HAROLD

(Unconcernedly.) Take him outside!

(CHARLES helps him out; JAMES leaning heavily on his shoulder. All rise excitedly.)

HAYNES

What can it be?

JOHN

Who is it?

MARY

Where is it?

HAROLD

Now, let's be logical. (Calmly) Perhaps there is something hidden in the machine. Let's look! (ALL peer around and about the machine.)

JOHN

Look into the closet there, Haynes.

HAYNES

Let's all look! (ALL look into the closet.)

HAROLD

Empty! Now, friends, the Voice must undoubtedly have penetrated from the outside. Let it go at that and let us continue the meeting.

(CHARLES re-enters. As the door opens the janitor may be heard still singing away off, "How Firm a Foundation.")

MARY

(Rising) Mr. President, I was very much interested in that speech of Mr. Beard's on the transmigration of the Soul. I should like so much to hear more on this fascinating subject.

HAROLD

That would kill the remainder of our time very nicely.

Mr. Beard—(motioning toward him.)

MARY

(Audibly to JOHN) He's a wonderful orator!

CHARLES

So unusual a request, and from so faah a lady makes me ah—weak in the knees. I must say that James has just had a real knock-out. He went home looking sick. Now, on this subject of the transmigration of the soul (glancing around at the machine and smoothing down his hair) This is a problem in Ancient Wisdom that for a long time puzzled Ingersoll—

VOICE

(From machine) Disperse ye villians! Infidels! Traitors!

CHARLES

(Leaping away from the machine.) Who? Wh-what in the devil? Where is it?

(They all rush wildly about seeking a clue to the strange voice, to the closed door, to the closet.)

HAROLD

(Taking a broom from the closet.) Guard the door there, Charles. We'll hunt this thing down! (Making wide sweeps with the broom.)

JOHN

Could that have been George Washington warning us from the spirit world? (Goes to the front of the room and orates.) My friends, this is what George Washington has said on the subject of religion:

"Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism, who should labor to subvert these great pillars of human happiness, these firmest props of the duties of men and citizens.

"Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect, that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle. Who, that is a sincere friend to our government, can look with indifference upon attempts to shake the foundation of its fabric?"

HAROLD

(Voice quavering.) The spirits are abroad at daylight working evil in our midst!

MARY

Indeed they are, Mr. Jaynes.

HAROLD

I suppose, the meeting had better adjourn! We'd all better—

VOICE

(Louder) Get out!

(ALL make a rush for the door. HAROLD slips and falls to the floor. Lying on his back, too weak to rise, he folds his hands in prayer.)

HAROLD

Now, I lay me down—Our Father who art in Heaven! (Tries to rise) Forgive us! We are all wrong! We're only mortals and babes! We know nothing! We'll have no more meetings!

(As his voice gets louder JOHN and MARY steal in again.)

HAROLD

Please, Lord, don't strike me while I'm down! Withhold the hand of Justice! George Washington was right. Help there, John Jones!

(JOHN leans over him and assists him to rise.)

HAROLD

(Sits up rubbing his eyes.) Our meeting is now ad-j-j-journed!

JOHN

They are all gone, fled, vamoosed, transmigrated!

VOICE

Be-ware and be-gone!

(HAROLD starts to reach for his brief case on the corner of the table, changes his mind, runs out and slams the door.)

MARY

Ha—ha—ha—ha—ha!

JOHN

Mary, you're a wonder. How do you do it?

MARY

The directions are all printed in the book "How to Become a Ventriloquist."

JOHN

I believe you have solved one of the most vital questions in the minds of intelligent people of the day—I mean the A. B. C. munch!

MARY

(Coming closer to JOHN) It is my only talent—beside whistling, you know—like a bird—and—and making cakes and — —

JOHN

(Putting his arm around her) Fine! I'll let you make our wedding cake!

(THE JANITOR enters and stops with a big grin on his face and is softly retiring.)

JOHN

Come on in, Zeke. The meeting's over!

ZEKE

All right, mistah John! I's in a right turrible hurry, seeing as how yo' all was settin' in heah sech a seege! Mah wife says I gotta be home befoah dahk!

VOICE

(From machine at his back) Watch your step, Zeke. Be lively.

ZEKE

(Whirling around quickly, almost losing his balance.) Was dat you a-speakin' Mistah John?

JOHN

Why, no, Zeke! What did you hear?

ZEKE

Didn't you heah it, Mr. John?

JOHN

Why, no, nothing at all!

(JANITOR starts to sweep, furtively watching the machine.)

VOICE

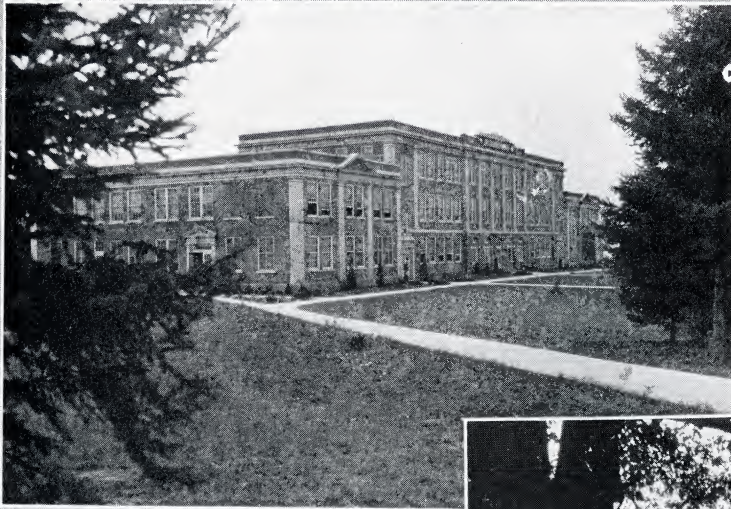
Run along home now! Get a move on you!

(JANITOR wheels around, and makes a dive for the door, losing his balance and falls to the floor.)

ZEKE

(Slowly rising) May de good Lawd have mercy and patience! I's powerful tiahd! I's gwine jis as fast as I kin but I cain't run—Lawdy! Seems lak I's gittin' paralyzed in my laigs! (He puts his hands up to his head, smoothing down his hair, and shuffles along singing in a weak voice, "How Firm a Foundation.")

CURTAIN



NEW TRAINING SCHOOL



CAMPUS SCENE



MAIN BUILDING

BOYS' DORMITORY



## WHAT HAVE YOU GOT TO SAY?

It seems essential, at this time, to say a word about one's philosophy of life. I realize that this is a large topic, that it will naturally differ with every individual, and that it will develop and change as we grow in stature of mind and experience, yet I would advance a few general, basic principles, nevertheless.

First let us consider ambitions, the essential of every successful life. Without ambitions the individual is like a ship without a course, an airplane without a rudder, an automobile without a steering wheel. Not only will that life not reach any desirable destination but it is inevitably headed for a crash. We must have ambitions to direct our course, ends toward which we are working, else we will remain in a rut, we will drift with every current, follow the every whim of each chance acquaintance. Yet we should not become wedded to our ambitions, we should ever maintain an open mind, ready to desert the present ambition when it proves unworthy or ceases to stimulate. Never stick to an outgrown ambition out of pride. Pride yourself rather in your growth, in your ability to see that the old ambition has been outgrown and that you are ready for greater things.

Then we come to the question of hope, linked with ambition. Hope is confidence, confidence in the master pattern maker, who directs the tangible and often inexplicable pattern of our lives. There come times in our lives when there is nothing left us, apparently, but blind hope, confidence in the Ruler of the universe and in our own ability. May we ever hold tight to this hope.

People we have ever about us, ours has become such a complex life that a hermit life is impossible even were it desirable. First of all we must learn to work with the people about us, to realize that they have their ambitions, their hopes, their desires, and especially the right to have these things, as well as we have. We will find false friends and true, and frequently we are surprised at the people who fall into these two classifications. Yet we must never let the disillusionments of false friends lead us to a state of suspicion of all friends, for the ones we thought least worthy often prove the most faithful.

Disappointments are the inevitable heritage of mankind, the man or woman who has never experienced bitter disappointment is untried and unacquainted with life. It is not the things that happen in this life that matter but the way we

react to them. We should learn from disappointments, emerge from them stronger and better able to meet life's battles, ready to greet the next disappointment with a smile and with the assurance that it cannot harm us or even shake our confidence in our own ability and certainty of eventful success. That is the purpose of disappointments in the Master's scheme, to strengthen us and purify us.

We have had exceptional privileges in our educational preparation, privileges denied the majority of our fellowmen and unknown to our parents. Guided by most able instructors, we have utilized educational facilities unknown a generation ago. We must prove ourselves worthy of these advantages, we owe our nation and posterity a debt that we alone can repay. We must be true to the trust, we must be worthy of the opportunities given us. Our Alma Mater expects us to reflect dignity and honor upon her, we are the products of her training and the world will judge her by us. This is an obligation we must not shirk.

There is work for us to do in the world, what that work will be we none of us know for certain, but there is work for everyone and the way it is done will reveal to the world how well we have learned the lessons given us here, how well our characters have been developed. But work today is less arduous than it was a generation ago, it will be still easier in the generations to come. Easier work means more leisure time. What are we to do with the increasing amount of leisure, waste it or utilize it? Satan still finds work for idle hands, so the problem of the utilization of leisure is looming larger and larger in our **national** life. It can be used in many ways, to improve the mind, or to develop the body, for self or for community. I hope that we have learned here the value of leisure time and how to utilize it in reading and study, or in exercise to develop the body and keep the mind clear. That is the purpose of leisure.

Our social environment, to a large degree, is what we make it. If you desire to associate with the best minds you can do so. If you have developed your mind to the point where they find pleasure in your company. If you develop a slovenly mind you can only expect to associate with people possessing minds of the same type. It is always possible, of course, to improve your social environment, but to do so you must be superior to it. In short, your social environment is what you make it.

At last analysis, life itself is what you make it. If you meet life with a smile, you will receive a



smile in return. If you adopt an antagonistic attitude you can only expect opposition in return. If you try to trick the world you are most likely to find that the world is a better trickster than you are, and that you, instead of the world, are the loser. Planting pansy seeds, you are quite likely to harvest flowers, planting weed seeds the fruit of the harvest will inevitably be weeds. Planting evil thoughts in your mind is certain to reap evil results, just as certainly as good thoughts will reap success and happiness. If I can only leave one sentence as my parting message, if you will only remember six words of all that I have said, for my sake, for your sake, for the sake of the world and of posterity, hold tenaciously to these six little, simple words: "Life is what you make it."—L. E. Harville.

### THE WORLD IS WAITING FOR THE SUNRISE

SENIORS—The world greets you. Even as the sun comes from behind a cloud so will opportunity hold out its hand. Though the way be hard—YOU can do anything that you try to. It takes a will and a well trained mind back of the will. You have spent four years developing the intellect back of your will. The Teachers College can now do little to aid you. YOU must furnish the will. The world wants men and women who can think and act.—NOT dreamers. Though your tears may fall as you leave old Alma Mater, you are entering a new realm. A bigger, harder, more cruel world than you can imagine. Are you equal to the task of conquering it? Ask yourself this question. Have I done my best? It is now too late to have vain regrets. You can only leave your footsteps on the sands of time to guide others.

Don't you feel the thrill of battle—the battle of life. That's the place a man or woman is really tested. It's not what you think or say that counts—it's what you do. Many of you will teach—do your work well. Don't be content with just getting by. If you do you are a slacker. Control your destiny. Be a figure in whatever community you go to. Ah! Don't forget that many thousands of men and women graduate this year with whom you must compete. The race of life is to the swift. The strong takes all. The weak perish. Classify yourself. Make teaching your life work if you like it—if you don't make it a stepping stone toward better things. But don't be a slacker just because you do not intend to teach all of your life.

Truly the world is waiting for the sunrise—make yourself the sunbeams. Be the ones to waken humanity to a higher, nobler, better way of living and doing things. BE the the survival of the fittest. BE the man at the wheel and not the cog in the machine. The world is full of cogs—broken and otherwise. What the world is going to demand of you is leadership. Will you disappoint Her?

Work well, live well, and at last die well.  
What could be nobler?

### THE SCIENCE CLUB

The Smoky Mountain Science Club has completed its most successful year. Under the able management of Miss Frances Jackson, President, and Mr. Thomas S. Gardner, Vice-president, the club has grown until it is now one of the important clubs at Teachers College. The club has received hearty co-operation from the heads of the Biology, Physics, and Chemistry departments. The programs have been arranged so as to cover all the different fields of interest. The following programs had been put on up to the time this went to press:

Mr. Ralph Mathes—The Purification of Water.

Mr. Horace Huddle—What A Science Teacher needs and Gets.

Mr. Thos. S. Gardner—The Historical development of the Atomic Theory.

Mr. LaVerne Graybeal—Mining the World Over—with slides.

Prof. George Harding—Aeronautics.

Mr. Philips, E. T. E. Co.—Refrigerating Machines.

The Club—Symposium report on Current Science.

Mr. Ralph Mathes—Emulsions and their practical uses.

Mr. Peter Schught, Bemberg—Glass Blowing Demonstration.

Mr. Thos. S. Gardner—The age of the Earth and how it is found.

Club Symposium—Wild Flowers.

Mr. H. Phillips—Radio.

Besides programs, lectures, and demonstration the club has had several outings, and entered two booths in the Carnival, sponsored by the Pi Sigma Literary Society. The Rose Tree that was made by the girls was a big hit. The club is to be congratulated in having so many active members.

## WHO GO TO COLLEGE AND WHY

Just who are the people who go to college and why do they go? Answers from different persons are, because of the varied differences in the human race, undoubtedly heterogeneous.

Here are some of the answers given by students in college as to why they are there. Who they are will be given below. The majority say frankly they don't know; many of them claim to be in college for a good time; some are there for prestige; some for athletic fame; some are sent by their parents; others go to love and to be loved; a few have a noble and worthy purpose in view, it is they who furnish the gray matter that has the desire to promote the progress of civilization.

All of these college goers easily fall into three groups.

One group of people admittedly go to college to have what they call a good time. The members of this group may be called "Good Timers" to distinguish them from others who obviously fall into other groups. It is doubtful whether these people who believe themselves having a good time are actually having what thinking people want to call a good time. It is true, however, that they may enjoy themselves in a small sphere but they really do not have a good time in its truest sense.

To have a good time they should expect a situation where that harmonious spirit of good fellowship exists. And to secure conditions for such a situation many things which they have not thought of are necessary. For instance, interests need to be identical or nearly so people should strive to achieve approximately the same ends; strife should not be very great; people should have nearly the same propinquity in culture; co-operation should be an essential part of the training for the present and future activities of life; emotions should be of the varied forms ranging from the highly religious to those approaching deviltry; the general plane of morality should be somewhat elevated; and, people should be preparing to live lives with the idea of service predominating that of remuneration.

This class of "Good Timers" spend four vigorous years of their life wasting their energies on what they think a good time and are then forced to go out into the world with an aversion to work and a disagreeable attitude toward life.

Then there is another group of people who go to college. This is the group that just goes and might be called "Just Goers." The members of this group go but they know not why. When they get there they do not know why they went. If

you ask them they often express ignorance of any reason. They are in direct contrast to the captain of an ocean steamship. When the captain steers from port he is ready for besetting storms for he has planed in advance to meet them. He knows exactly where he is going, approximately how long he will stay, and has a good idea of the immediate and future success of his voyage. He had a purpose in the voyage. On the contrary, the "Just Goers" have no aim or purpose in going; the storms of life wreck them; they are marooned, as it were, on a desert island—the island for non-thinkers. They are away from the guiding hand of parent and friend. There is no one to comfort them in their imaginary, to some of them real, troubles. They are simply bewildered.

Last, but not of less importance, is the group whose members go to college for a high and noble purpose. They wish to supercede the common run of mankind in order to become leaders to help the average person to do better. Because of their desire to uplift and uphold mankind they may be called the "Servers" of humanity even while in college. This group, though small, constitutes the backbone of our colleges. The students—if they may be called students—of the other groups are valuable to colleges only as supporters financially and practice groups for the "Servers."

If you are in college and find you are in the wrong group, get out of it. If you can think, do so and continue thinking. Moreover, put some of your thinking into action. Get into the right group provided there is an opportunity for you to do it.—W. C. Mayberry.

## MY LOVE

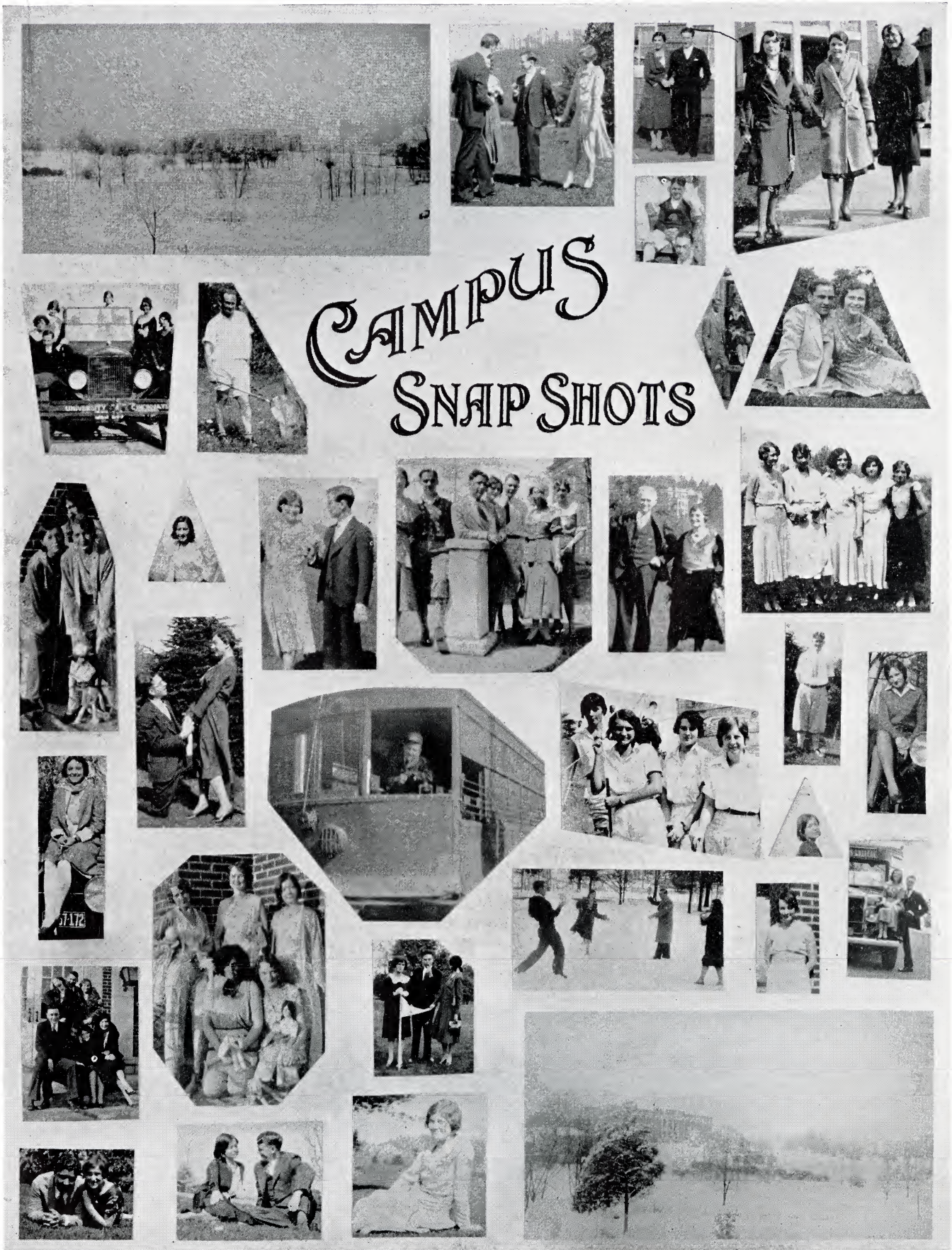
My love is like sunshine on a winter day,  
Like the soft foot steps of falling snow,  
Like gentle rain on a warm spring morning;  
It has the mystery and futility of a falling star;  
My love is the love of a mother for her babe—  
The passion of barbaric music,  
The sadness of a lonely child.

Ted. S.: "Jess, do you know your one great defect?"

Jess S.: "I simply can't think."

Ted S.: "Right—but I didn't think you would acknowledge it."

A lot of people are not appreciated at their true worth. Which is fortunate for them.



## JUNIOR-SENIOR PICNIC

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It all started when Alec Kennedy wanted to initiate the Seniors before their leaving the precincts of old Alma Mater forever. Strange to say, the Seniors did not object. In fact I believe they like to be initiated in the way the Juniors chose to show their appreciation. The appreciation being that the Seniors were leaving and giving the lowly Juniors a chance to do something at Teachers College beside have class meetings.

On Monday morning, May 25, the great gathering in of the sheaves began. They came from the four corners of the earth since they started the traditions of the elect—the elect being the Senior Class. After a damp and muggy beginning the horde of half famished sheep and wolves piled into cars and proceeded to Unaka Springs. The Seniors being the sheep led to the slaughter and the wolves the Juniors. A miracle happened—the sun came out, for which we gave thanks to Allah, the compassionate. We were ably chaperoned by Coach Batey and Prof. Rogers. However they saw fit to bring their wives along for protection.

A party proceeded to the top of the mountain.

It nearly broke down our athletic coach as one could tell by the damp and half famished look he had on returning. At last all straggled in and lunch began. The wise ones had provided themselves with adjustable belts. The foolish ones had their style cramped by not doing so. The only thing that saved the day was the food gave out—but not until few could walk. Verily, verily I say unto you that if the hard-boiled eggs had not acted as a muzzle on the appetites of many, few would have returned conscious. Following lunch, Mr. Lowell Kincaid, Misses Rowena Watkins, and Annabelle Howell entertained the group by a very interesting comedy—we almost said tragedy. However much to the disgust of the staid professors all survived.

About this time the Juniors got homesick and wanted to go home to “mamma.” The Seniors, being ladies and gentlemen, did not object. So the “gang” piled into cars and returned. The total casualties being probably several cases of poison ivy, and auto-intoxication. So if you see any Juniors or Seniors reeling around the halls, looking green about the gills, remember Monday.

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Blind dates are like bee-hives, you may get honey, but you may get stung.

## THE THINGS I SHALL REMEMBER MOST ABOUT TEACHERS COLLEGE

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One of the things which I shall remember most about this college is the great spirit of friendliness and co-operation which prevails among the faculty and the student body. Never before have I witnessed such a magnificent power towards the cause of brotherhood, coupled with education, as I have seen here. Another thing which has from the first impressed me is the unusually good facilities for studying and classroom work contained in the Library, in the form of books and magazines. No student could want for anything in the way of references. And the beauty of this campus is unsurpassed by any other college in the state, yes, I might safely say, in the United States. Such wonderful shrubs and trees; such beautiful flowers! What fine lawns! How could anyone fail to make good grades among such surroundings? The fourth thing which I shall always remember about Teachers College is the high type of boys and girls who attend this institution. They always have a friendly word and a smile for everyone; they are always ready and eager to be of any assistance to you they can, and these things are the reason I'm leaving here with scores of new and, I feel, life-long friends. May the great institution which has made possible such friends, prosper until the end of time!

—BERVIN STAPLETON.

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## HUMOR

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### If Shakespeare Lived Now

To paint or not to paint; that is the question:  
 Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer  
 The agonies of a pale complexion,  
 Or to take a rouge in hand,  
 And with a dab or two change all,  
 And by doing so make a date.  
 To rouge; to paint;  
 And by artful application  
 To fulfill dreams of youthful romance,  
 A thing devoutly to be wished for,  
 But then to wake; to know that  
 You're a sham; aye, there's the rub.  
 For on the wash rag's seen the painful evidence,  
 The flaming paint that you have snuffled off.

---

An optimist is a man who, finding himself in hot water, decides that he needs a bath anyway.

### TEN THINGS A SENIOR SHOULD KNOW UPON GRADUATION

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By the time a senior has completed his course and is ready for graduation, he ought to be able:

1. To see the obvious. The obvious is not necessarily the conspicuous. It may not be immediately apparent. But those who have been through college should have established habits of observation and investigation that make it impossible that facts of this character should escape their notice.

2. To analyze an unfamiliar situation. This is the first step in correctly apprehending it or in trying to arrive at any sound conclusion as to what policy should be pursued.

3. To seek information at its proper source. The college graduate should know where to turn for knowledge. He cannot be expected to know everything but he must know where to seek authentic information.

4. To think independently and constructively. To recognize the worth of a new idea is a valuable accomplishment and represents the results of higher education but the college graduate should be able to go further, and to think for himself.

5. To be familiar with the rich heritage of our humanity. The college educated man should have at least a speaking acquaintance with the great figures of history and their achievements.

6. To pass intelligent judgment upon worth. There is much shoddy woven into the fabric of art, of literature, of truth. An educated man should be able to tell the real from the spurious and to recognize intrinsic values whether of persons or things.

7. To budget time. There are the same number of hours in the day for the rich and the poor, for the young and old, for the genius and the fool. A wise man knows how to divide his time between the many interests that bid for it and to invest it to the best advantages.

8. To concentrate attention. There are countless and inevitable distractions. Happy is the man who can close the doors of his mind upon them and devote his mental energy to the pursuit of ideas and purposes that are worth while.

9. To adapt himself to circumstances and to individuals. It is necessary to practice accommodation without compromise—to stand erect, yet

bend in understanding and sympathy. Breadth of mind and breadth of spirit should result from education.

10. To recognize the supremacy of the spirit. Ideas are more important than riches. Mentality is of more worth than material wealth. God is far above gold. An educated man is one who remembers his Creator in the days of his youth.

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### SONG OF LOVE

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All the world loves a lover. Yeah, so all the giddily happy lovers think. Even if we fail to appreciate them nature doesn't. To their fame and memory she has deducted a flower—the "Neckweed." This fitting monument blooms even now on our campus.

Tell me not in mournful numbers,  
Love is but an empty dream,  
For the heart is not dead that's broken,  
And boys say what they mean.

Spring is short and time is fleeting,  
And our hearts, though here and there  
Still, like muffled drums, are beating  
Wedding marches for someone fair.

Ways of lovers all remind us  
That we, too, can neck and love  
And departing leave behind us  
Lipstick on another's mug.

Lipprints, that perhaps another,  
Strolling down the "Dean-watched hall,"  
A forlorn and loveless brother,  
Seeing, shall begin to "fall."

Let us, then be up and lovin',  
With a heart for any date,  
Still achieving, still pursuing,  
Learn to love her and to wait.

---

Prof. Rogers: "Where was the Declaration of Independence signed?"

Nicley (thoughtfully): "At the bottom."

---

Shakespeare said that love is blind, and when you look over some of the things which the girls picked as husbands, you have to admit that William knew his cupid.

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**WISE SAYINGS OF SENIORS**

- Ellison—"Oh Jim, do you really think I look nice?"
- Harville—"The preponderance of evidence is great—just a matter of time."
- Remine—"Let go my hand Delmas."
- Sniegocki—"Oh, I know I'm going to flunk."
- Smith—"Well, what do you know about that!"
- Greene—"Come on jitney, don't get a flat tire."
- Ritchie—"Oh, honey, I'm so worried."
- Hammer—"I don't think that's fair."
- Brown—"If I get through today, I'm good for another."
- May—"Oh, gosh-darn."
- Hickey—"Wouldn't that slay you."
- Bryant—"We've got to get this thing done."
- Ruble—"I'm so nervous."
- Teilmann—"I don't know."
- Mayberry—"Have some Beech-nut."
- Conner—"Will I live through it?"
- Staten—"Isn't that just grand!"
- Laws—"I've got technique."
- Jackson—"I want that for the Biology room."
- Grubb—"Good night, we'll be late."
- Littlefield—"Well, I might."
- Clark—"How's tennis?"
- Easley—"If I wasn't so short."
- Nicley—"Blank! Blank!"
- Gardner—"Prove it."
- McLane—"Ch! that Directed Teaching!"
- McLain—"Wait a minute, I'll see about it."
- Daniels—"I'm not right sure about it, but I think so."
- Deakins—"Oh, no!"

---

Harville: "I have on my golf socks today."

Dot Jett: "Why so? They don't look like golf socks to me."

Harville: "Eighteen holes."

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**THOUGHTS OF A FRESHMAN**

I have often wished I knew how to get along better with people. By that I do not mean how to avail pulling hair or hurling bitter retorts at my associates. I am able to live in comparative peace and harmony with those with whom I come in contact. I am able to suppress any desire I may have to slash the throats of the chattering, giggling girls who clatter in and out my room while I am trying to concentrate on how to write three hundred words on a subject of which I know less than nothing, but I would develop finest of all arts: suavity, good manners, agreeableness, and consideration for the habits and wishes of others. I would know just the right thing to say and do at the right time.

I have been placed in the embarrassing position of not knowing whether to say "Miss Brown may I introduce Mr. Black," or "Mr. Black, may I introduce Miss Brown." I have been at a loss to know just what words to use when trying to express my sympathy to one who has been bereaved. I have wondered if, with my gift for "gab" I have erred in contributing too much to the conversation. There are few surer roads to popularity than the art of listening. "Speech is silver, but silence is golden," says the old proverb, and many times is this exemplified in our every-day lives. I would achieve no atmosphere of superior sanctity or self-conscious dignity, but I would develop a strength of character and a just conception of how to live that my presence would be an encouragement to every noble purpose, and my character and conduct examples for all who could rise above the pettiness of life.

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**HOME ECONOMICS CLUB**

The Home Economics Club started the year off with a "candy pull." Each girl invited her boy friend. Games were played and candy pulled. Every one had a wonderful time.

In October the president went to Knoxville to the Tennessee Educational Association and reported to us much valuable information upon her return.

At the regular meetings we have had varied programs, music, speeches and illustrated lectures.

The club has been one of the largest in the history of the school with about fifty active members.

## DEBATING ACTIVITIES FOR THIS YEAR

The debating teams of our college this year have had unusual success and the steady climb has marked our efforts for the past years is shown in the record. Perhaps this accounts for the "stuck up" attitude that the debating club is supposed to possess, however we cannot take the blame and place it all at that place for it may be the natural attitude of the brutes. Bob expressed our growth very well when he said that we had been regarded with increasing respect for the last five years. Much of the credit for our success this year is due Mr. Cox, who in spite of his talk has been the backbone of the organization every since he came five years ago.

The debates this year have covered practically all colleges our size in Tennessee and Western North Carolina. The girls and boys teams each took a trip and debated every night they were gone. The girls went into North Carolina and won every debate they had. The boys went down through Tennessee and won all but one of their debates. The total debates that have been participated in by the college amount to more than 30 and of these we won all but seven or eight.

The girls team was composed of "Peg" Poudner and Gladys Pressley, that incomparable duet who haven't lost a debate in two years; Irene Crawford and Anna Beachboard, who started their work this year.

The boys had two varsity teams, one which debated the "Russian" question and one which debated the "Free Trade" question. These teams as described seem easy to separate but it so happened that some of the boys were so good that they debated both questions.

Mr. Robert Hickey was probably the most versatile man on the team, debating both sides of the Free Trade question and the Russian question. Then Bill Cox debated both the questions but only one side each. The remainder of the debaters were Frank Bryant, Tom Houze, Akard Sells, M. E. Deakins, and Bruce Cole.

The Freshman team was only for girls and those receiving certificates were: Isa Lee Sherrod, Mayme Hart, Claudia Hall, Evangeline Walker, Sallie Pat Carson, Mary Brooks and E. Hart. These girls will make the varsity of this year step some if they intend to keep their places.

In the conclusion of a history of this kind it is customary to predict the future and for this one they are bright for next year as we lose only one debater, Frank Bryant. So next year look out for Cox's Army may be good.

## Y. W. C. A.

We, the members of the Y. W. C. A., feel that our organization is the most faithful of all those of the college. During the last few years our club has been continuously active in behalf of the school. Those who have been active as leaders this year are:

Edrie Matthews, President.  
Lena Fawver, Vice-President.  
Katherine Smith, Secretary .  
Vera Denton, Treasurer.  
Laura Mae Jones, Chaplin.  
Officers elected for next year are as follows:  
Lena Fawver, President.  
Lois Atchley, Vice-President.  
Ruth Myers, Secretary.  
Viola Wilson, Treasurer.

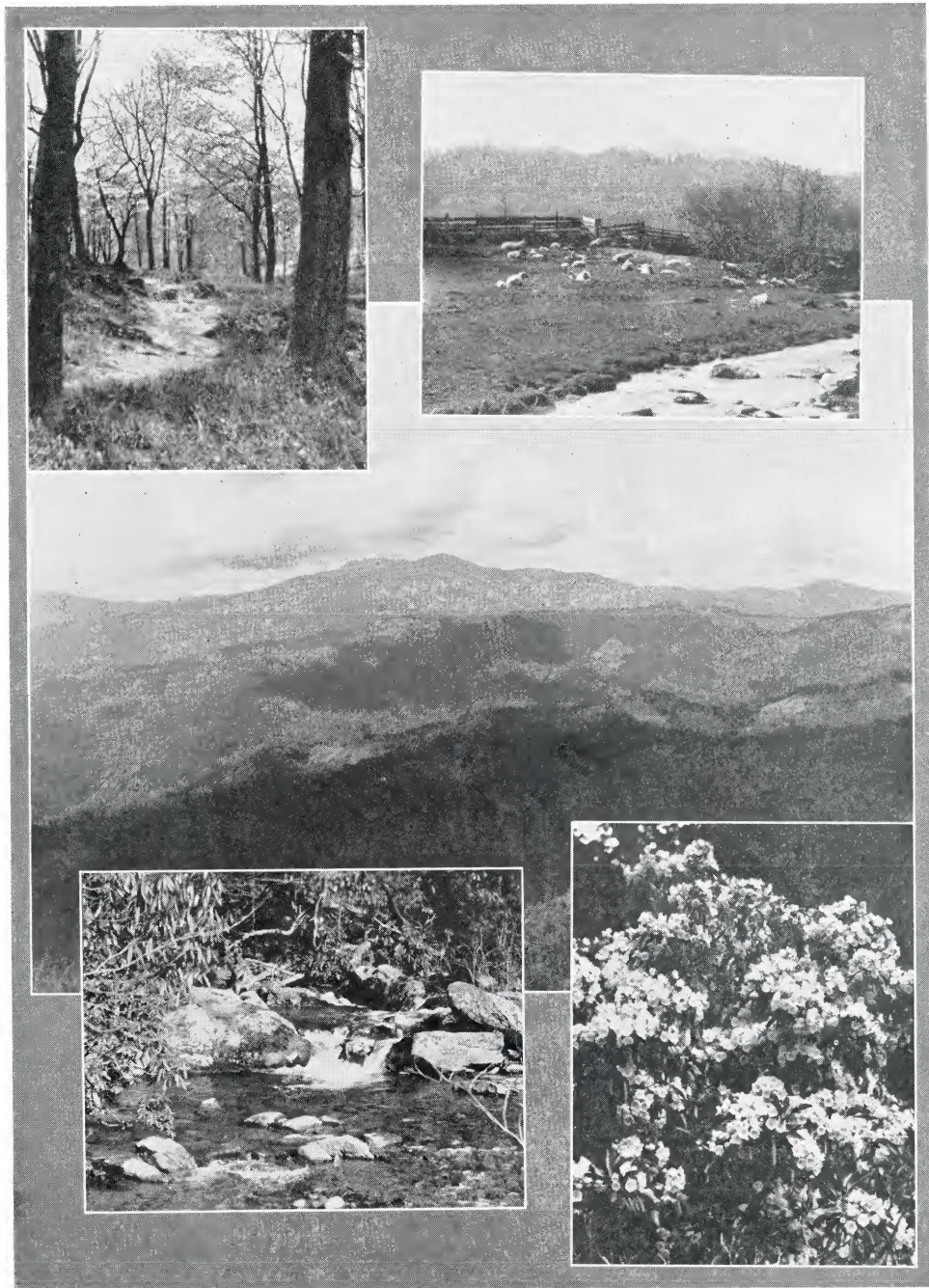
This past year we have accomplished many things, both large and small. One of our biggest contributions to the college was the purchasing of the Grand piano for the lobby of the girls' dormitory. We also assumed part of the responsibility for the reception held in honor of the opening of the new dormitory. Plans have been made at the end of the school year to add to the "Students Loan Fund" if possible. Then our organization is one that promotes friendship and tries to develop in its members high ideas of conduct. We feel that during this year we have accomplished much that is intangible along this line.

We secure most of the funds to carry on our work through our "Y Store." This is well patronized by the student body as well as by the faculty. Therefore we wish to take this opportunity to thank both the students and the faculty for their co-operation and help.

Next year we are planning on enlarging our scope of work, and hope to do even better than in the past.

## THREE THINGS I LOVE

Your hair  
Softly curled against your brow;  
Your lips  
That smiled, yet spoke no vow:  
Your arms  
That held me yesterday;  
And one thing more—  
The old, old words we dared not say.



Our school is fortunately located in the very foot hills of the most beautiful mountains to be found in this country. Its fortunate location makes it an ideal place for inspirational study. The beautiful climate, pure water and beauties of nature lure us to believe that eventually our college may become one of the greatest summer schools of the entire South with students registering from many sections of the country to pursue their summer work in a location that is in reality a summer resort.

This is the hope of the administration, their plans being worked out to this end.



## INTRAMURAL ATHLETICS DURING 1930-31

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The school year of 1930-31 has been the most outstanding year for Intramural Athletics since its beginning on our campus. Never before have we had so many participants in the various activities. We have not only had an increase in the entries but we also have had more sports for our girls to participate in.

The aim of Intramural Sports on our campus is to promote good sportsmanship, good technique, and a well rounded girl. Around these things our entire system is woven and has striven for higher standards.

During the fall quarter two tournaments were run: Ping Pong and Basketball. Ping Pong was introduced this year as a new sport and was popularized at Teachers College by the physical education classes. There were thirty-seven participants entering the tournament which was run on an elimination basis. Aleece Singleton won this tournament and Bill McCorkle was college runner-up.

The Basketball tournament was a class affair with every inch of the old class competition spirit being exhibited at all games. The most interesting of the games was the one between the sophomores and the freshmen. Due to experience and luck the upper classmen won this game and in turn won the tournament.

The winter quarter was a crowded season due to varsity basketball. Girls making the varsity team were: Carr, Vestal, Parker, Sellers, Lovingood, Singleton, Watkins, Anderson, Chapman, Reynolds, Myers, Arrants. Volley Ball tournament was run with class teams. Freshman class won this. Those making "all-famous" team were:

Watkins, C. Arnoth, Forrester, Laws, Singleton, Walker, Arrants, Fawver, Chapman, and Kyte.

During spring quarter golf, horse-shoes, baseball, archery, and tennis tournaments have been run.

Irene Tollet was champion in golf tournament and Aleece Singleton was college runner-up.

Irene Tollet won the horse-shoe tournament and Mabel Arrants was college runner-up. The double tournament was won by Anderson-Lovingood and runners-up were Smith-Brewer.

The baseball tournament was carried away by the Freshman class who dominated the Volley

Ball tournament. The "all-famous" teams included Sherrod, Baker, Arrants, Laws, Vestal, and Sabin.

The Archery and Tennis tournament at this time is incomplete, but the thing to be said is this: the farther along in the tournament the more interest was shown.

The fire has been kindled for bigger and better athletics on our campus for girls and all we need for future years is a fastening of this ideal, "Bringing Better Up to Best."

### Officers and Heads of Sports

Sponser—Helen M. Krepps.  
 Intramural Manager—Ro Watkins.  
 Assistant Int. Mgr.—Mary Reynolds.  
 Head of Tennis—Isa Lee Sherrod.  
 Head of Golf—Aleta Anderson.  
 Head of Horse-Shoe—Iola Staten.  
 Head of Baseball—Virginia Parker .  
 Head of Archery—Mary Reynolds.  
 Head of Volley Ball—Red Carr.  
 Head of Basketball—Inez Anderegg.

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### MAYBE? FOR A' THAT

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**Maybe** it's mighty power we seek;  
 But the power a world to cower,  
 Cannot defeat the beauty of a flower.

Or, **maybe** we crave wealth like other men;  
 But the wealth that fears no stealth,  
 Is only the soul's good health.

Or, it's **perchance** for fame we lust;  
 But the name that merits its fame,  
 Is backed by a toiling brain.

And, **maybe**, such a name we try to claim;  
 But better men's names came not in vain,  
 Slowly by toil they came.

Or, it's **maybe** a deed of good we'd like to do;  
 But the good for which our Master stood,  
 Was a purer, nobler brotherhood.

Or, **maybe**, at times, it's friends we say;  
 But the greatest friends, the Maker sends,  
 Are there when life begins.

---

Mayberry: "Gee, this coffee hasn't either sugar or cream in it."

Ruth: "A little bird must have told you."

Mayberry: "Yes, a little swallow."



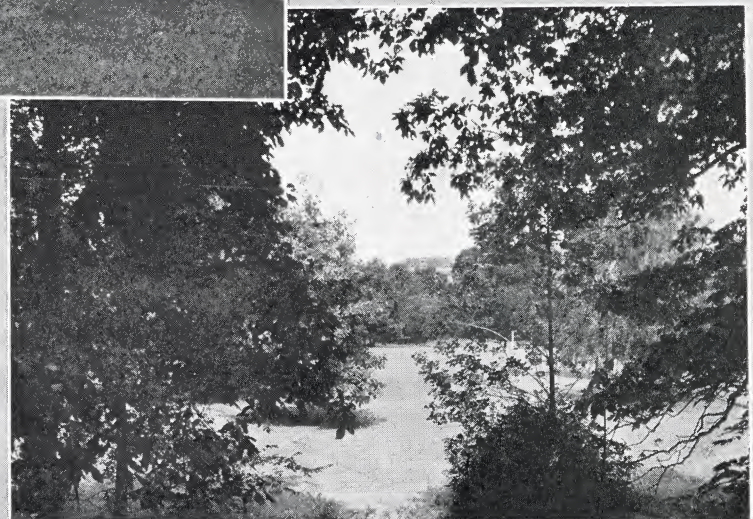
CORNER OF LIBRARY BUILDING

CAMPUS IN FRONT OF TRAINING SCHOOL



TENNIS COURTS AND GYM

CAMPUS SCENE



## PREPARING FOR BETTER THINGS

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There is no state of life or nature that is not preceded by its period of preparation. The erection of a building, the seeding of a field, the establishment of any enterprise, great or small, calls first for thorough preparation. An apprentice at any trade must serve many years mastering the simplest principles of his work, drawing over and over again the rough insignificant plans, and learning to make a proper use of every one of the materials at his disposal, before attempting any of the better things to which his future efforts are to be directed.

It is for this that we are, day by day, devoting ourselves to our studies, carefully selecting under the guidance and counsel of wise and tender instructors, those branches which will best fit us for the duties of the after-life that await each of us. We are, by this means, "Preparing for better things," and pushing toward that one mark.

We have learned that every day of our existence is in a large measure a preparation,—a laying of a stone in the foundation of the future. Every single act of our daily lives,—is leaving its work either for good or ill, for strength or weakness, upon the character we are busily engaged in forming. Every good deed we do paves the way for a second good deed; every lesson we learn makes the succeeding lesson easier for us to master. We are sowing seed every day of our lives, and shall be sowing seed all the days of ours to come, for as every day that comes is only a culmination of all the preceding days of preparation, every step onward in the journey of life depends upon the steps we are now taking.

Then why not "sow with care," even our every thought? The rosebud, tight-folded in its protecting cup, learns from the confined odor of its own petals the beauty and glory of full-blossomed life, warmed by the sun, and fed by congenial soil, does not stop with being a bud, but goes on to perfect rosehood.

When we say, "Preparing for better things," how can we know that the things in store for us in the future will be better than those in the past? For the simple reason that all life is growth; all labor is progress; all effort is development. There is no standing still in nature, and there can be no standing still in life. What these "better things" may be, we may not say. But to most of us it means advanced school work, and a more com-

plete preparation for life and labor; to some it may mean immediate entrance upon the care and responsibilities of that broader existence ordained for each by the force of creation. But whatever it may mean, we are glad we are preparing, and grateful beyond our power of expression to feel that those are indeed better things for which we are ready.

## A TRIBUTE TO PROF. BIBLE'S SHORT STORY CLASS

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Flossie and Skeet on a summer's day  
Went rushing pell-mell out to play.

Beneath Flossie's torn hat glowed the wealth  
Of sorry beauty and too robust health.

Singing, they wrought with merry glee  
A poor little animal up in a tree.

'Twas a smallish animal, and quite white,  
Thinking perhaps it was to lose its life.

A Phobiderous? did you say its name?  
Those naughty children! What a shame!

But still something just had to be done  
For "Human interest" to be won!

So dear little Flossie and so bold Skeet,  
Trampled and crushed it with dancing feet.

You say that's not true to life?  
Well, perhaps not! But there must be strife

To "work up action, pee-pul, listen to me,  
You must write of what's not likely to be!"

## THE SEVEN MISTAKES OF MAN

---

1. The delusion that individual advancement is made by crushing others down.
2. The tendency to worry about things that cannot be changed or corrected.
3. Insisting that a thing is impossible because we ourselves cannot accomplish it.
4. Refusing to set aside trival preferences, in order that important things may be accomplished.
5. Neglecting development and refinement of mind and not acquiring the habit of reading and study.
6. Attempting to compel other persons to believe and live as we do.
7. The failure to establish the habit of saving money.

## LEISURE

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Only the cursed of God fail to have a certain amount of leisure time to dispose of, but many of the fortunate ones in this respect, leave the disposal of such time to the auspices of the devil. It is also true that a certain amount of leisure is requisite for the health, wealth, friends, and happiness of an individual; but, still it's a fact—un-amenably true—that the average American reaps a curse from a too abundant supply of this potent drug in the routine of life.

Excess in any form is to be avoided. The inadvisability of going to the extremes was recognized and expressed by Alexander Pope:

“Be not the first by whom the new is tried,  
Not yet the last to lay the old aside.”

And the maxim, “If you dance, you must pay the fiddler,” is as true in this enlightened day of modernism as it was in the long ago, when Pope penned these deductions from the volume of life.

Still, countless millions persistently tread this treacherous path of **excess**. They sacrifice the better things of life in their wild effort to outdo their friends and acquaintances. They seek admiration from the public; whether it be true or artificial isn't taken into account. If they can succeed in arousing a momentary envy by a bombastic display of the **superlative**—then **superlative** it is, regardless of the means employed to attain the ends. And instead of taking advantage of their leisure for their own personal education and enlightenment, it is resolved into a mad struggle to outshine their temporary admirers in pomp and splendor, consequently it is not leisure as provided for by the great Designer of Creation; but merely a state of mental deception and personal depravity, in which the individual cannot discover himself for looking at the other fellow.

Leisure is construed to mean idleness by many people; and they squander their spare time accordingly. Not realizing the immensity of their mistaken idea until life's sun begins to grow dim, leaving a panoramic picture of wanton selfishness and undiscovered talents in the past, and disclosing a bleak and barren void stretching away into the future to blast their hopes and ambitions; then as the delayed dawn of realization breaks upon them, they gasp at the relentless cruelty of Fate—Regret? Yes; and perhaps not a little remorse—not a very pleasant doom for their declining years.

Leisure may be either physical or mental, or both; and of the two, mental leisure is more imperative for vigorous health, yet the less frequently enjoyed. The human machine is so constructed that a physiological halt is made for physical rest or leisure when needed, but few business men are able to command their minds to accompany them, in whole on their vacations—and fewer students are sufficiently well educated to give their brains the proper leisure and relaxation, when permitted a respite from scholastic duty.

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## SHE SAT ALONE

---

She sat alone unmindful  
That I across the way  
Had found in her a masterpiece  
Which words could not portray.

Three score and ten she looked to be  
A woman of the soil,  
A woman who had paid Life's fare  
In hardship and in toil.

Her time-worn hands were seared and seamed  
Like gnarled bits of vine.  
They pictured labor in the fields,  
And washings on the line.

Had she once striven for fortunes gold,  
For dainty things and fair,  
The only token of reward  
Was silver in her hair.

Her sun-tanned brow was furrow-wrought,  
Yet something in her face  
Reflected character and soul  
That time could not erase.

Beside the cabin door she sat,  
Enrobed in calico,  
And patched upon a shirt for one—  
Her ancient Romeo.

Her eyes were like two mystic seas  
Where countless thought-like ships  
Transported sorrows and desires  
Which never crossed her lips.

---

Alex K.: “I found a button in my salad.”

Ann Hardin: “Came off the dressing, I suppose.”

### IS THERE WORK IN SMALL THINGS?

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It is human nature to overlook and perhaps underestimate the value of small things. We read of the mighty battles some general has successfully fought, but we do not often hear of the little, apparently insignificant engagements that have paved the victories; we hear of the great deeds of courage and valor that some of the world's heroes have done, and our hearts are thrilled by the recital without thinking of the little deeds that have combined to make his character strong and brave enough for the largest test.

When we stop to consider it, isn't it the little things that count most in their effect upon our lives? Isn't it the little troubles and worries that annoy us more than the larger grief for which we seem to be given almost superhuman strength of endurance? Isn't it the little pleasures that take their rays of sunshine that really do more to make us happy than the greater joy that almost takes our breath and leaves us wondering? Isn't it the little smile, the sudden handclasp, the little act of human kindness all along that touches our hearts more than the greater favor can do, and makes us feel that life is really worth living? After all, it is not so much the work we accomplish, be it small or great, that counts in us as good or evil, but rather the motive, the thought of which the deed was born.

It is a common characteristic of all of us to a certain extent to bewail our inability to grasp the larger duties of life, and to consider ourselves of "no use in the world," because we are not afraid to do such big things as those we admire are doing for the benefit of humanity. We need to remind ourselves that everybody is not fitted to fill large places in the work of the world,—that the small things are just as essential to the welfare of mankind.

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### AN APPRECIATION

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We have a faculty at the Teachers College of Johnson City of which we should justly be proud. It is composed of some of the most learned men and women of the Southeast. In looking over the list of our faculty, we find that all have Master's and Doctor's degrees from the most reputable

teacher training institutions of America. All are well fitted for their positions. The students all know that Mr. Rogers "knows," and can present interestingly, "his History;" that Mr. Wilson knows all about Industrial Arts; that Mr. Carson is second to none in Mathematics; that Mr. Bible believes in his English, and succeeds in making us believe a'so; and that no one knows more people and things about Education than does Mr. Mathes. Many others deserve honorable mentions but space here does not permit. Messrs. Sherrod, Field, and Burleson have been unusually active in the administrative affairs of the college.

The members of the faculty are devoted to what they think is the interest of the college. Most of them have helped make the college what it is to-day, having been connected with it for many years. They have seen a rise in its enrollment from seventy-five to nearly twelve hundred, and the number of buildings and conveniences increased many fold.

Very often the student body takes the wrong position with reference to the faculty. The students have a tendency to regard the faculty only as a symbol of authority and not as make up of teachers who have the interest of the students at heart, and who are very human—real friends of the worthy students. Although we as students may not be grateful enough at present to our faculty who are giving their lives for our good, yet in after life we will doubtless look back upon them as upon leaders after whom we have patterned and whose characters have been stamped on our own.

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### LIFE IS A MYSTERY

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Life is a mystery here below

Many are the puzzles we have to solve  
Of all the things which it involves  
Throughout the ages as they come and go.

We're happy today, tomorrow we're sad,  
Do you wonder why we can't always be glad?  
Life is a mystery.

But let us live our life true until we die,  
Joy and happiness will be awaiting us by and by,  
If we will only serve the best we can  
And lift our hand to help every man  
We then shall be able to understand why  
Life is a mystery.



#### BOYS' DORMITORY

This view represents beautifully the home of our men students, an eloquent structure overlooking the entire campus. Any boy who would not be happy in such an environment would be sadly lacking in aesthetic appreciation. We invite other young men to come into our home with us and to enjoy the excellent advantages which we now enjoy.

## PEACE — A SHORT STORY

Strains of a negro spiritual poured loudly from the four-room frame house on Knox Street. Persons strolling down the sidewalks lazily loitered in order to hear it. They need not have lingered for in reality the volume of the graphophone was sufficient to be heard for two blocks. It was a hot Sunday afternoon in June, and along the thickly populated street groups of children played noisily.

Across the street a neighbor remarked disdainfully to his wife, "Guess those sanctified people over there are trying to get religion again," for it was a well known fact in the neighborhood that old man Balfour's wife was sanctified, while he could not quite get the vision, but had to grope in the darkness, searching for the light.

Old man Balfour waddled out on his porch, his feet keeping time with the slow rhythm of the music. His plebeian manner, rugged face and shaggy hair could not be disguised by his Sunday suit. He dropped into a huge wicker chair on his porch.

In a moment Mrs. Balfour came out with the Sunday paper. She was short and very fat, her hair streaked with gray. She wore a pair of shell-rimmed spectacles and now and then she peered over the tops when looking at some distant object. She dressed in an ankle length, full dress, and had a motherly look.

"Read the paper to me, dear," she asked old man Balfour.

So he read to her slowly, and very loudly, (for they both were almost deaf) mispronouncing simple words, until the family farther up the street trying to read their own papers stopped to listen and chuckle.

An automobile stopped in front of the Balfour house and a tall, flashily dressed young man briskly walked up the front walk. Doffing his straw hat he greeted the couple with warm familiarity, although they had never seen him before in their lives. He walked up on the porch, and seating himself continued.

"Mr. Brown told me to look you up and tell you something that would interest you. You know Brown, don't you?" asked Mr. Hipper.

"Yas, Brown's a good friend of mine. We used to do construction work together," replied the old man.

"But I never did take much to him," interrupted the Mrs.

"Wal, Honey, you just didn't know him well enough," answered the Mr.

"He's a good friend of yours all right," Mr. Hipper said in a confidential manner. "Just listen. He said because you are his friends, he's going to let you in on the ground floor of a deal that is going to turn out in a wonderful way. You are going to have a chance in a life-time to make a fortune. No one but you will ever know that you were let in on this. Now, here are the details—"

The couple listened intently as Hipper pictured for them in glowing terms the way to make a fortune and swell their very tiny bank account. It was to be a real estate deal . . . An auction was to be held the next week, and Balfour was to bid for fifteen lots. However, because he was a friend of Brown's, he was not going to have to pay but one-fourth price. In fact, he wouldn't have to pay anything, for this property was so valuable the turn-over would net one hundred per cent profit without the expenditure of any money.

"But we don't need any more money. The Good Book says "it is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of Heaven," protested Mrs. Balfour.

"Honey, we won't be what you call 'rich' really; we'll just be more comfortable and not have to worry," Balfour reassured.

"Just the same I don't like it," she answered.

Hipper jumped into the conversation at the right moment, and further convinced Balfour that this was the right thing to do. He promised to think it over, incidentally finding when the auction was to take place.

The day of the auction came. In the morning Hipper called Balfour and offered to take him to the auction, but Balfour had to ask to meet him down town. The Mrs. wasn't yet converted to the idea, he explained.

Bidding was brisk. Encouraged at strategic points by the nudges of Hipper, Balfour took highest bid on fifteen of the lots. After it was over Hipper and Brown came over to Balfour with papers in their hands. After congratulating Balfour warmly on his splendid judgment, they held out the long paper with much writing on it.

"Now, before you go, Balfour, here is a little paper for you to sign in order that the transfer of land may be valid. It is just a matter of form to be observed in a legal way."

"But I don't have my spectacles with me," said Balfour.

"That's all right. Hipper will read it to you," said Brown.

So Hipper read it with a great many herein-

before, dulys, herebys, and to-wits, and when he had finished Balfour nodded his head as if he had understood it so that his ignorance would not be shown. So he duly affixed his signature, and was taken to town by Hipper who told him farewell in a very self-satisfied manner.

When Balfour reached home that afternoon he told the Mrs. that he had bought the lots and that they would be "fixed" from then on.

"But, dear, I didn't **want** you to buy those lots. You're going to get in trouble. You never will get sanctified when you're rich. Why can't you be like me?" The sobs reached her throat and she cried for a long time.

"Now, honey," he began, full of remorse, "you can't understand business. When I have more leisure time I'll feel the spirit and become sanctified. You needn't worry about me. Brother Zion tells me I'm well on the way to finding the light. You distress me when you cry like this."

But she would not be comforted. For several days there was a coldness between them.

One day, a month after the auction, the postman brought a letter to Balfour. He tore it open and with trembling fingers read it in his slow way. For several days he did not let his wife know of it. A second letter was intercepted by Mrs. Balfour, who noticing the stationery of a law firm, demanded what it was.

Balfour trembled with fright as he opened it and read it.

"Honey, I guess I'm the biggest fool in the world. I have got in a big mess over those lots. They say now I've got to pay—more than I have, and are sueing me for the first payment . . . We've lost our little home, honey." His voice broke, but he continued in a stammering way—"I've not been able to sleep I've been so wor-worried over it all—"

"Dear, I can't understand you. How can they make you pay when you didn't promise to?" she asked in a gentle way, realizing he was suffering enough without an "I-told-you-so" answer.

"But I did sign a paper. They read it to me, and it sounded all right. They said it made the deal valid. That's why I say I'm such a fool." He leaned forward in his chair, putting his fingers over his face and sighing deeply.

"You thought you were right," she consoled. "We'll see a lawyer and fight this thing out. If only you hadn't signed the paper."

"It's no good. I've seen the best lawyer in town. He investigated and he says when I signed the paper I signed away the deed to our house, receiving the lots in exchange, provided I pay for

them. Ch, honey, I know I'm a fool, but what would I do without you to help me along." He got up and went over to her chair. He leaned over awkwardly and kissed the top of her head. She patted his hand on the arm of the chair, placed there to steady himself as he stiffly stooped. She could not answer . . . The pain of the misfortune mingled with the thoughts of how much Mr. Balfour meant to her in spite of his mistakes, overcame her tender, gentle nature, and the tears coursed down her cheeks. He pulled up a chair close to hers. When she could speak he said:

"Dear, I feel more than ever that God will take care of us. Even if we do lose the place, and every cent we have, no one can rob us of our heavenly possessions."

"You are always right, honey. I feel so humble and lost. Just like a little boy who has just swallowed his first piece of chewing gum. Maybe God is getting close to me now . . . Why I believe I can feel his spirit within me now!" With this exclamation, he lifted his face toward heaven and raised his arms, clenching his fingers.

"Bless God," breathed Mrs. Balfour. She began muttering with face uplifted, rocking to and fro in a rhythmical manner. Now and then words were distinguishable as she prayed in this sing-song way. "God be merciful to us poor sinners. Let your Spirit come now, oh Lord. He almost has the vision, Father. Give him light."

For several minutes she kept up this ritual. Suddenly he sprang to his feet.

"The Spirit is in me, honey!! I can feel it pushing into my soul . . . I'm SANCTIFIED! What is money but temptation of the devil? My soul is saved and I'll dwell forever in the bosom of Jesus!"

\* \* \*

That night the other members of their church came around for a meeting to celebrate the sanctification of Balfour. They all sang and chanted and prayed. Balfour shouted his discovery of the spirit within him. For three hours they all exulted together in the little front room of the Balfour house which would soon be lost and thus make them life dependents on their married son. Loss of worldly goods had brought them closer together. Their peace was undisturbed.

In the house across the street the husband remarked disdainfully to his wife: "Those sanctified folks across the street must be getting religion again."

The old Grad says that if sheepskins could talk they'd probably say "Baa, Baa."



---

**ME 'N BILL 'N OLIVER!**

The quality of mercy is strained (at old T. C.)  
 It droppeth only from Heaven  
 And not from the teacher's pen.  
 It is twice blessed, (if given),  
 It blesses him that gives and him that gets;  
 His pen has the force of failing power,  
     (The der tee-chur's, I mean)  
 He keeps you guessing to the last hour—  
 His attribute to domineerance.  
 And as he sits and thinks  
 Of that stude just on the brink  
     Of "F's" cold look—  
 "Oh, well, just let it go  
 It means minus to me, you know!  
 My "F's" look better than my "A's"  
 What's the use of all this craze  
 Over one measly little stude?  
 And so the "F" goes down  
 With his worried ugly frown  
     On his book.  
 And I am wondering now  
 And I sit and slowly bow  
     My head,  
 If he really didn't care  
 If he was truly all "hot air"  
     Or just a fake  
 At pretending all the while  
 That his scholars needed "ile"  
     In their heads!

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**LATEST FICTION**

These who enjoy reading will be interested in the following list of new books:

1. "The Smell of Loneliness," by Hal I. Tosis.
2. "The Naked Truth About the Sun-Tan Back," by Mae Skeeter.
3. "Down the Cellar in Eighteen Steps," by O. U. Stumble.
4. "The Sheik's Demand," by Mustapha Kiss.
5. "The Decent of Man," by Ima Nape.
6. "The Midnight Horror," by Hoos Thair.
7. "Essays," by U. R. Borsum.
8. "The Fly," by Knight.
9. "Missed," by A. Mile.
10. "Let Byegones Be," by Gones.
11. "Ben Franklin's Auto," by Ography.
12. "Yes," by George.
13. "Hallelujah," by Ima Bum.

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Delmas L.: "My love is like a gas light."  
 Euphrasia: "Because it's been turned down so many times."

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 Years.  
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**NOT SO MANY YEARS AGO**

No one had appendicitis.  
 People generally kept their tonsils.  
 Men wore Congress gaiters.  
 People paid 6 cents a quart for milk.  
 It seemed necessary to control hatpins by legislation.  
 Women sometimes asked, "Does my placket-hole gape?"  
 The "girl" in the kitchen did not expect more than \$3 a week.  
 Nobody in California thought of conversing with somebody in Europe.  
 Girls sometimes wore cotton stockings and high-laced boots, but you were not supposed to know it.

---

**Minute Meeting**

Recently Mr. McLain and Miss Jackson met by accident on the campus. Miss J. (extending hand): "Oh, Mr. McLain, don't you want to see my ring?"

Mac (taking her hand tenderly in both of his): "Oh, isn't it pretty?"



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